A

SELECTION

OF FAVOURITE

CATCHES, GLEES, &c.

AS SUNG AT THE

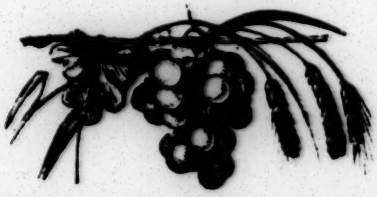
Bath Harmonic Society,

WITH

The Rules of the Society, and a Lift of the Members.

SECOND EDITION.
WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

CURARUM DULCE LEVAMEN. *HOR.*



PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL;

AND SOLD BY

THE BOOKSELLERS IN BATH; C. DILLY, LONDON;

AND BY THE SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY.

1799.

PRELIMINARY ADDRESS

TO THE

MEMBERS of the HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A Manuscript of the following Selection was transcribed for me soon after the commencement of our Meetings; in its occasional perusal I was highly gratified---but, reflecting that others did not with me enjoy the pleasures resulting from a judicious combination of Sense with Musical Sounds, I conceived that I could not render a more acceptable service to the subscribing Members and Visiters, than by committing my copy to the press. It was accordingly printed; but finding many additions necessary, I now bring it forward a second time.

The present flourishing state of the Institution clearly demonstrates, that the happiest effects of social intercourse are easily attainable, when pursued

on

on rational principles. It is to a due observance of the Rules, (especially the first) *that we are indebted for our innocent and refined enjoyments. Under the experience of this matter of fact, I will venture to hope that* DELICACY, MODERATION, *and* RESPECTABILITY, *will ever continue to be the* DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS *of the* HARMONIC SOCIETY; *which only can ensure its* PERMANENCY.

I have the honour to be,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most faithful

and obedient

humble servant,

J. BOWEN,

VICE-PRESIDENT.

BATH,

JAN. 17, 1799.

RULES

OF THE

HARMONIC SOCIETY.

RULE I.

THIS Society is eſtabliſhed for the PROMOTION OF HARMONY, in its general ſignification; in order to preſerve which, no POLITICAL DISCUSSION ſhall be ſuffered to take place, nor ſhall any INDECENT SONG or SENTIMENT be permitted to be ſung or ſpoken on any account.

II.

No Perſon whatſoever ſhall be eligible into this Society but NOBLEMEN, GENTLEMEN, and PROFESSIONAL MEN, who reſide in Bath or its Vicinity, or who may occaſionally viſit it.

III.

Every Perſon of the *above description*, deſirous of being admitted into this Society, muſt be propoſed by a Member

a Member during the Meeting previous to his Election; when the *Name* of the Candidate, his *Rank* or *Profession*, his *Place of Residence* in Bath, and in the Country, together with the *Name of the Member proposing him*, muſt be written on the Nomination Paper, which ſhall be put up in ſome conſpicuous part of the room, and remain there till the following meeting. And the party propoſing ſuch candidate ſhall be abſolutely preſent at the time of his being balloted, when he ſhall become reſponſible for the candidate's being a perſon proper and worthy to become a Member of the Society. And in caſe the candidate be elected, the party propoſing him ſhall immediately pay his Subſcription Money, (or the election ſhall be void) and ſhall, on his firſt appearance, introduce him to the PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENT.

IV.

The Election ſhall be made by Ballot; in order to conſtitute which, *Nine* Members muſt be preſent. The proportion of one black to two white balls ſhall exclude for the ſeaſon; the fractional number, if any, to be conſidered in favour of the candidate. In caſe any candidate ſhall appear to be rejected, the ballot ſhall be repeated, in order to prevent miſtakes.

V.

A Fund for the Support of the Meetings ſhall be raiſed by each Member's annual Subſcription of ONE GUINEA. If any Member (being in Bath or its vicinity)

cinity) ſhall neglect to *pay his Subscription for the space of one month after the commencement of his residence during the season*, he ſhall be confidered as ſeceding from the Society, and cannot be re-admitted as a Member without being regularly propoſed and balloted for. But Members abſent a whole ſeaſon are not to be called upon for their ſubſcription, and ſhall be received into the Society on their arrival, at any future period, free of arrears.

VI.

Each Member ſhall have the privilege of bringing *One Visiter*, paying *Four Shillings* admiſſion-money, entering his name on the Secretary's liſt, and introducing him to the PRESIDENT and VICE-PRESIDENT: the ſame viſiter cannot be received as ſuch more than twice in one ſeaſon; and every Member introducing a viſiter ſhall give him intimation of the *firſt* rule, in order to prevent any miſtake, ſhould ſuch viſiter happen to be called upon for a ſong after ſupper.

VII.

The Meetings each ſeaſon ſhall commence on the laſt *Friday* in *November*, and ſhall continue every *Friday Evening* (Paſſion-Week excepted, or when Chriſtmas-Day happens to fall on a Friday) until the laſt *Friday* in *April*, on which evening the meetings ſhall terminate. No motion ſhall be made at any of thoſe meetings for the Diſpoſal of Money from the Fund.

VIII.

A General Meeting ſhall be held by publick advertiſement, three days at leaſt previous to the laſt Friday in November each year, for the purpoſe of auditing the Treaſurer's Accounts, appointing a VICE-PRESIDENT, a TREASURER, and a COMMITTEE, and making ſuch rules and arrangements as may be deemed neceſſary; Minutes of which ſhall be entered in the Society Book, and ſigned by the Chairman of ſuch General Meeting. No extra General Meeting ſhall be called but by an order from the Committee.

IX.

The Committee, or a majority thereof, when appointed, ſhall nominate four Members to ſit as Preſidents ſucceſſively for the firſt four nights of the ſeaſon, whereupon they ſhall cauſe the Names of the Members ſo appointed to be put up in ſome conſpicuous part of the Society-Room, and order Notices to be given in writing to them by the Secretary, four days at leaſt previous to the night on which they are reſpectively appointed to ſit as Preſidents; and ſhall continue to nominate Preſidents in ſucceſſion for every four nights during the remainder of the ſeaſon, under the ſame regulations as above-mentioned. No individual can ſit twice in the ſame ſeaſon as Preſident, unleſs, as a Member of the Committee, he may be under the neceſſity of taking the chair.

X. Each

X.

Each Member appointed by the Committee to fit as President, ſhall be in the room before the *Abbey Clock* ſtrikes *Seven*, when he ſhall take the chair, under the penalty of *Half-a-Guinea*, unleſs prevented by ſickneſs, or any other cauſe which may be deemed by the Committee a reaſonable excuſe. All fines to be carried to the general Fund. In caſe of the abſence of ſuch Member ſo appointed to fit as President, any one of the Committee who happens to be preſent ſhall take the Chair himſelf, or appoint any Member to be President for the Evening.

XI.

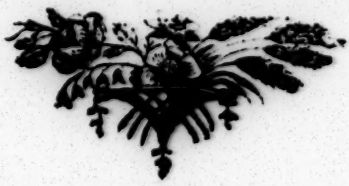
The President ſhall be abſolute during the Meeting, *consistent with the Rules and Orders of the Society.* On his taking the Chair the MUSICAL PERFORMANCE ſhall commence, which ſhall conſiſt of *Catches, Glees, Chorusses, Songs, &c.* which ſhall continue until *nine* o'clock, at which time the ballot for new Members ſhall take place; a cold ſupper, at *Four Shillings* each, (Port Wine and Sherry included) ſhall then be placed upon the table; before which the grace of "*Sodales Cœnantes*" ſhall be ſung, the whole Society ſtanding up; and in like manner after ſupper the Canon of "*Non nobis, Domine!*" ſhall be ſung. Three Toaſts only ſhall be given, which are, *The King and Constitution in Church and State,—The Harmonic Society and its absent Members,—Dr. Harington, the Founder*

Founder of this Society; after which, ſuch Catches, Glees, or Songs, ſhall be ſung as may be called for by the PRESIDENT, or VICE-PRESIDENT. At *Eleven* o'clock the bill ſhall be brought in, when the PRESIDENT ſhall quit the chair.

XII.

The Rev. J. BOWEN is appointed VICE-PRESIDENT, in whoſe abſence the Preſident for the evening ſhall appoint any Member preſent to officiate for him. Dr. HARINGTON is appointed TREASURER. The ſame Gentlemen are alſo appointed Members of the Committee; as are alſo Colonel GLOVER, Mr. C. PHILLOTT, Mr. SABATIER, Mr. MAUNSELL, and Dr. HOLMAN, who ſhall affiſt the Preſident and Vice-Preſident in the execution of their offices, as well as in the general department of regulating the affairs of the Society.

J. GLOVER, Chairman.



A

LIST OF THE MEMBERS

OF

THE HARMONIC SOCIETY,

FOR THE YEAR 1799.

Such Names as have this mark * prefixed, are thoſe of the original Members, who were admitted previous to election by ballot.

HIS Serene Highneſs the STADTHOLDER
His Royal Highneſs the DUKE of YORK
His Serene Highneſs Prince FREDERICK of ORANGE
*Moſt Noble the Marquis of Lanſdown
*Moſt Noble the Marquis of Bath
Right Honourable the Earl of Inchiquin
Right Honourable the Earl of Mayo
Right Honourable Lord Somers
Right Honourable Lord Hawarden
Right Honourable Lord Liſle
Right Honourable Lord Trimleſtown
Right Honourable Lord Bellenden
*Right Hon. Sir R. P. Arden, M.P. Maſter of the Roll-
Right Honourable Lord John Thynne
Right Honourable Lord Kirkwell
Honourable and Reverend Mr. Cholmondley
Honourable Coſmo Gordon
Honourable Mr. Luttrell
Honourable Colonel Phipps
Honourable Captain De Courcey
Honourable T. Maude
Honourable and Rev. Mr. Taylor
Honourable Colonel Dillon
Honourable Mr. Barnwell
Honourable Mr. Dormer
Sir William Manſell, bart.

Sir John Rogers, bart.
Sir Charles Talbot, bart.
Sir Charles Hotham, bart.
Sir Walter James, bart.
Sir John Pollen, bart.
*Sir John Cox, bart.
Sir John Croft, bart.
Sir John Morſhead, bart.
Sir M. Blakiſton, bart.
Sir William Gerrard, bart.
Sir Samuel Falkener, bart.
Sir Peter Nugent, bart.
*Sir Jas. Fitzgerald, bart.
Sir Hugh D. Maſſey, bart.
Sir John Netbit, bart.
Sir Richard Steele, bart.
Capt. Sir J. Saumarez, knt.
Sir John Turner, knt.
*Sir E. Harington, knt.
Baron Pfeilitzer
*Baron Dillon
Count De Brederode
Count Roſenberg
General De Paoli
Major-General Horneck
Commodore Blanket
Governor Ellis

Rev. Dr. J. Baker
Fothergill
Maxwell
*Phillott
Synge
Walſh

Rev. Mr. Arding
Barter
Blakeney
*Bowen
*Bowles
Bradford
Broadhurſt
Burgh

Rev. Mr. Calland
Clarke
Colſton
Coney
Davis
Dixon
Forſter
Gore
Hamilton
Holland
Keate
Macguſty
*Maggs
Maſter W.
*Morgan
*Morſhead
Nance
Needham
Oliver
Pollen R.
Pollen
Putt
Robinſon W.
Rogers Methuen
Rudge
*Smith
Spurgeon
*Stonhouſe V.
Tayler
Terrett
Thomas
Wake
*Warre
Wickham
*Wilkins

Doctors Apſley
Bealey

Doctors Cooper
Crawford
Davis
Fellowes
Gibbes
*Harington
*Holman
Mapleton
Parry

Captains *Watkins, *Navy*
*Webb, *Navy*

Colonels Bellingham
Bowes
Charlton L.
Chaytor
Elford
Frederick
Gamel
*Glover
Grey
Horner
Incledon
*Langton, M.P.
Lewis
*Luttrell
Mackenzie
Neville
Northey
O'Hara
Ogle
O'Reily
Riddel
Thompſon
Wynch
Yorke J.

Majors Brooke
Elford, M.P
*Hayne
Jacob
Jephſon
Lee
Little
Miles
Molyneux, T.
Ormeſby
Peacock
Pleydel
*Robertſon
Rodbard
Roſs
Skerritt
Willock

Captains Bagott
Boland
Callender
Chetham
D'Alton
Fitzmaurice
Forſter
Grey
Greening
Hardcaſtle
Holwell
Kington
Langford
*Legge
Lynch
Majoribanks
Molyneux
Morley
Orange

Captains *Philip
Riddel A.
Riddel G. J.

Sheridan
Smith
Smith W.
Sweeting
Swell

Trevor
Tynte

Vincent

Weſt
Whitmarſh

Meſſrs. Acheſon
*Ahmuty
*Allen
Allen L. R.
Allin J.
Armſtrong

Baker
Ballard
Bamford
Barry
*Barry R.
Barrow
Batterſby
Bayly N.
Beadon
Beddingfield
*Billingſley
*Bindley
Binſteed
Blaker
Blane
Blunden
*Bowſher
Brazier
Brown
Brownlow
Bulley

Meſſrs. *Burgeſs
Bury
Byrne

Carrol
Chamley
*Chamneſs
Chicheſter
*Chivers
Clifford
Coles
Connor R.
*Cooke
Cook
Cookes
Cooper R.
Cooper E.
Coote
Coutts
*Crooke Geo.
Cubbing
Cummings
Curteis
Curtis

*Dawſon
Day
Debbeig
D'Arcey
Delap
*Dickinſon, M.P.
Dillon
Donſton
Dumbleton

Edwards
Edwin C.
Ellice
Eſtridge
Ewing

Farrell
Fitzherbert
Fitzherbert S.
Flemming

Meſſrs. Foreman
Forſter
Franco
Fyler

Gibbes
Gaſon
*Gay, F. R. S.
Gowing
Goldfrap
*Grant
Gwynne

Hall J.
*Hare
Harriſon
Haviland
Hibbert
Hill G.
Hobhouſe, M.P.
*Hodges
*Horton
*Houlton
*Howſe
Hunt Theod.
Hunt
Huſtler

Jaffrey
James
Johnſton
Jones D.
Jones T.
Julius

Irwin

Kerr R. J.
*King, M. C.
Kington J.
Kingſton
Kinlock

Laird
Lefanu
*Legge
Le Cras

Meſſrs. Leonard
*Leſlie
Lewis R.
*Lewis T. N.
Limburner
Lock
Logie
*Lloyd Lewis
Longuet
*Loſh
*Lowder
Lowther P.
*Lutwyche
Lynch
Lyon T.

Macqueen
Maddox
Mansfield
Maſter
Maſon
Maunſell
*May
Maynard
*Mecann
Melville F.
Melville J.
Meyler
*Molyneux
Molyneux Lieut.
*Monkland
Morgan E.

*Nooth

*O'Donnel

Palmer
Parker
Parker R.
Parker T. S.
*Phillott C.
Phillott C. jun.
Phillott J. S.
Phillott Joſeph
Porter Walſh

Meſſrs. *Preſton
Pryce
Purcel
Pye Bathurſt

Quin

*Randolph
Read, ſen.
Read, jun.
Read T.
Redwood
*Richards
Richardſon
Richardſon J.
Rochfort
Rowe
Roycroft

Sabatier
*Scrope
Scudamore
*Sherſton
Shears
Shirley
Smith
Smith B.
*Smythe H.
Sneyd
*Stephens
Steward
Stone
Stowell
*Stowey
Strode
Sutliffe

Meſſrs. Sutton

Tetſengh
Thompſon
*Tiſdale
Townſend
Townſhend
Trafford, ſen
Trafford, jun.
Traherne
*Tugwell

Umbgrove

Vaughan
Vernon
Vincent

Walker J.
*Walker F.
Walmſley
*Walters H.
*Watts
Wedgwood J
*Weſt
Wiley
Williams L.
Wilmot
Wilſon J.
Wilſon, jun.
Wiltſhire
*Winſtanley
Wood Vincent
Woodward

*Younge

PROFESSIONAL MEMBERS

On the Establishment.

BASSES—{ Mr. Ruſſell, Doyle.

TENORS—{ Mr. Taylor, Aſhley.

COUNTER-TENORS—{ Mr. Cooke, Shell.

SOPRANO—{ Mr. Turner, Gray.

PIANO-FORTE—Mr. Windſor.

SECRETARY—Mr. R. Good.

HONORARY PROFESSIONAL MEMBERS.

Meſſrs. Perkins———*Organ.*
Herſchell———*Violoncello.*
Taylor———*Violin.*
Edwin———*Vocal.*
Mahon———*Clarionet.*
Collins.
2 Maſter Perkins.
2 Maſter Browns.

GRACE BEFORE SUPPER.

THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

SODALES CŒNANTES,
DECENTER LÆTANTES,
ADESTE CANTANTES,
BENEDICTUS SIT DEUS!
OB DONA CURATA
SINT CORDA NUNC GRATA,
LAUS SEMPER OBLATA,
BENEDICTUS SIT DEUS!
AMEN.

CANON, THREE VOICES.

W. BYRDE.

GRACE AFTER SUPPER.

NON NOBIS, DOMINE! SED NOMINE TUO
DA GLORIAM.

CONTENTS.

A.

B.

C.

Page

W.

Y.

Z.

CONTENTS

From Page 113 to Page 152.

GLEES, &c.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

CALCOT.

FATHER of Heroes! high dweller of eddying winds, where the dark-red thunder marks the troubled clouds! Open thou thy ſtormy halls.

Let the bards of old be near. We ſit at the rock; but there is no voice, no light, but the meteor of fire.

O from the rock on the top of the windy ſteep!

O ſpeak, ye ghoſts of the dead! O whither are ye gone to reſt? In what cave of the hill ſhall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no anſwer half drown'd in the ſtorm.

Father of Heroes! The people bend before thee: thou turneſt the battle in the field of the brave: thy terrors pour the blaſt of death: the tempeſts are before thy face.

But thy dwelling is calm above the clouds: the fields of thy reſt are pleaſant.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. HINDLE.

QUEEN of the ſilver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and penſive, I delight to ſtray,
And watch thy ſhadow trembling in the ſtream,
Or mark the floating clouds that croſs thy way.
Still while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a ſoft calm upon my troubled breaſt;
And oft I think, fair planet of the night!
That in thy orb the wretched may have reſt.
The ſufferers of the earth, perhaps, may go,
Releas'd by death, to thy benignant ſphere;
And the ſad children of deſpair and woe
Forget in thee their cup of ſorrow here.
O that I ſoon may reach thy world ſerene,
Poor wearied pilgrim in this toiling ſcene!

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT

As I was going to Derby,
'Twas on a market-day,
I met with the fineſt ram, ſir,
That ever was fed upon hay.
This ram was fat behind, ſir,
This ram was fat before,
This ram was ten yards high, ſir,
Indeed he was no more.

The butcher that kill'd this ram, ſir,
Was up to his knees in blood;
The boy that held the pail, ſir,
Was carried away by the flood.
The tail that grew upon his rump
Was ten yards and an ell,
And that was ſent to Derby
To toll the market-bell.

SERIOUS GLEE, THREE VOICES.

S. PAXTON.

TELL me, babbling Echo! why
You return me ſigh for ſigh;
When I of ſlighted love complain,
You delight to mock my pain.

Bold intruder! night and day,
Buſy tell-tale! hence away:
Me and my cares in ſilence leave,
Come not near me whilſt I grieve.

But if my love, in all her charms,
Return to bleſs my longing arms,
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat
The joyful tidings to repeat.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HIERONYMO CONVERSO, 1580.

WHEN all alone my pretty love was playing,
And I ſaw Phœbus ſtand at a gaze ſtaying,
Alas! I fear'd there would be ſome betraying.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

SINCE Harmony deigns with her vot'ries to dwell,
Exalt ev'ry voice, and each note loudly ſwell:
Intreat her to viſit us here ev'ry night,
And thus by her preſence infuſe new delight.
And ſince ſhe ſuch mirth and ſuch pleaſure can bring,
Let us Iö Pæans repeatedly ſing.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WORDS BY MILTON.

NOW the bright morning ſtar, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who, from her green lap, throws
The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

M. ESTE. 1600.

HOW merrily we live that ſhepherds be,
Roundelays ſtill we ſing with merry glee,
On the pleaſant downs, where as our flocks we ſee,
We feel no cares, we fear not fortune's frowns;
We have no envy, which ſweet mirth confounds.
Da Capo.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

An AIR of GEMINIANI's, harmonized by Dr. HAYES.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to reſt;
Fill her ſoul with fond deſire,
Softeſt notes will ſoothe her breaſt.
Pleaſing dreams aſſiſt in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WELCOME, the covert of theſe aged oaks;
Welcome, each cavern of the horrid rocks;
Far from the world's illuſion let me rove,
Deceiv'd in Friendſhip, and betray'd in Love.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

TRAVERS: WORDS BY PRIOR.

SOFT Cupid, wanton, am'rous boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flatt'ring accents ſpoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond deſire:

O raiſe thy voice! one ſong I aſk,
Touch then th' harmonious ſtring;
To Thyrſis eaſy is the taſk,
Who can ſo ſweetly play and ſing.

Two kiſſes, from my mother dear,
Thyrſis! thy due reward ſhall be;
None like Beauty's Queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me.

I ſtrait reply'd, Thou know'ſt alone,
That brighteſt Chloe rules my breaſt;
I'll ſing thee two inſtead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me bleſt.

One kiſs from Chloe's lips I crave,
He promis'd me ſucceſs;
I play'd with all my ſkill and pow'r,
My glowing paſſions to expreſs.

But O, my Chloe! beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wiſh'd reward beſtow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has ſaid,
And by thy grant his pow'r ſhew?

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

T. BREWER, 1640.

TURN, Amarillis, to thy ſwain,
Thy Damon calls thee back again—
Here is a pretty arbour by,
Where Apollo cannot ſpy;
Here let 's ſit, and whilſt I play,
Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

THE ANSWER TO "TURN, AMARILLIS."

PAXTON.

GO, Damon, go; thy Amarillis bids adieu!
Go ſeek another love, but prove to her more true;
No, I care not for your pretty arbour nigh,
Altho' great Apollo cannot ſpy;
Nor will I ſit to hear you play,
Nor tune my voice to your roundelay.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. ROGERS.

COME, come, all noble ſouls, who, ſkill'd in
muſic's art,
Do join in this ſociety, to bear a part;

For, in this pleaſant grove, we'll ſit, we'll drink, and ſing,
And imitate the chearful birds now in the ſpring,
The Muſes nine ſhall know, and all moſt plainly ſee,
Our off'ring at their ſhrine is Love and Harmony.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

RAVENSCROFT, 1614.

WE be three poor Mariners, newly come from the ſeas;
We ſpend our lives in jeopardy, while others live at eaſe;
Shall we go dance the round, the round, the round,
And he that is a bully-boy,
Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.

We care not for thoſe martial men
That do our ſtates diſdain,
But we care for thoſe merchantmen
That do our ſtates maintain;
To them we dance this round, a round, a round,
And he that is a bully gay,
Come pledge me on this ground, a ground, a ground.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

SWIFTLY from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nurs'd by night retire;
And the peeping ſunbeams now
Paint with gold the village ſpire.
Sweet, O ſweet, the warbling throng,
On the white embloſſom'd ſpray;
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

ELEGY, FOUR VOICES.

On the DEATH of SHENSTONE. Dr. ARNE.

COME, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
We'll ſee our lov'd Corydon laid;
Tho' ſorrow may blemiſh the verſe,
Yet let the ſoft tribute be paid.

They call'd him the pride of the plain,
In ſooth he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd, in his elegant ſtrain,
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear,
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.

No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
Our hedges ſo vocal before,
Since he that ſhou'd welcome the ſpring,
Can hail the gay ſeaſon no more.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

THO. WEELKS, 1600.

THE nightingale, the organ of delight,
The nimble lark, the blackbird, and the thruſh,
And all the pretty choriſters of flight,
That chant their muſic notes on ev'ry buſh:
Let them no more contend who ſhall excell,
The cuckoo is the bird that bears the bell.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON

HERE in cool grot and moſſy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell;
Tho' rarely ſeen by mortal eye,
When the pale moon, aſcending high,
Darts thro' yon limes her quiv'ring beams,
We friſk it near theſe cryſtal ſtreams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf with daiſies broider'd o'er
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor.
Not yet for artful ſtrains we call,
We liſten to the water-fall.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

WHEN Sappho tun'd the raptur'd ſtrain,
The liſt'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre ſhe ſtrung,
Like thee ſhe play'd, like thee ſhe ſung:
For when ſhe ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breaſt was all on fire;
But when ſhe tun'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

HARK! the lark at Heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus 'gins to riſe,
His ſteed to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With ev'ry thing that pretty bin,
My lady ſweet, ariſe.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That grove, and valley, hill and field,
Or woods, and ſteepy mountains, yield;
And I will make thee beds of roſes,
And twine a thouſand fragrant poſies;
A cap of flow'rs and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of mirtle;
A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds,
A coral claſp and amber ſtuds;
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

ANSWER.

WEBBE.

IF Love and all the world were young,
And truth in ev'ry ſhepherd's tongue;
Thy fancied pleaſures might me move,
And I might liſten to thy love:

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
Then rivers rage, and hills grow cold;
Then drooping Philomel is dumb,
And age complains of cares to come.

Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poſies;
All theſe in me can nothing move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

If youth could laſt, and love ſtill breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then theſe delights my mind might move,
And I might liſten to thy love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

THE mighty Conqueror of Hearts,
His power I here deny;
With all his flames, his fires and darts,
I champion-like defy.

I'll offer all my ſacrifice
Henceforth at Bacchus' ſhrine,
The merry God ne'er tells us lies,
There's no deceit in Wine.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. ARNE AND JACKSON.

WHERE the bee ſucks, there lurk I,
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On a bat's back I do fly,
After ſun-ſet, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

All we fairies that do run,
By the triple Hecate's beam,
From the preſence of the ſun,
Follow darkneſs as a dream.
Over hill, over dale, thoro' buſh, thoro' briar,
Over park, over pale, thoro' flood, thoro' fire.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

T. S. SMITH.

HARK! the hollow woods reſounding,
Echo to the hunter's cry,
Hark how all the vales ſurrounding,
To his cheering voice reply.

Now ſo ſwift o'er hills aſpiring,
  He purſues the gay delight,
Diſtant woods and vales, retiring,
  Seem to vaniſh from his ſight:

Flying ſtill, and ſtill purſuing,
  See the fox, the hounds, the men;
Cunning cannot ſave from ruin,
  Far from refuge, wood, and den.

Now they kill him, homeward hie them,
  For a jovial night's repaſt;
Thus no ſorrow e'er comes nigh them,
  Health continues to the laſt.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

J. ECCLES.

INSPIRE us, genius of the day,
  With an auſpicious beam;
Join, all ye Muſes, ſing and play,
Thou world attend, due honours pay,
  Thy guardian is our theme.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

ORLANDO GIBBONS.

THE ſilver ſwan, who, living, had no note,
When death approach'd, unlock'd her ſilent throat,

Leaning her breaſt againſt the reedy ſhore,
Thus ſung her firſt and laſt, and ſung no more:
Farewell all joys! O Death, come cloſe my eyes;
More geeſe than ſwans now live, more fools than wiſe.

MADRIGAL.

WILBYE.

FLORA gave me faireſt flow'rs,
None ſo fair in Flora's treaſure;
Theſe I plac'd in Phillis' bow'rs,
She was pleas'd, and ſhe's my treaſure.
Smiling meadows ſeem'd to ſay,
Come, ye wantons! here to play.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

FAIR Flora decks the flow'ry ground,
And plants the bloom of May,
While ev'ry hill and ev'ry vale
Appear unuſual gay.

The pretty warblers of the grove
Aſſume their various notes,
The echoing woods reſponſive ſound
The muſic of their throats.

Lead on, my Celia, quit the town,
  And baniſh ev'ry care:
O haſte, my Celia! haſte away,
  To breathe the rural air.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

GENTLY hear me, charming maid!
Cupid! come and lend thine aid,
Her heart to melt, my pain remove;
Smile, Maria! ſay you love.
On thy boſom let me lay,
Sigh and gaze my ſoul away.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

T. FORD, 1620.

SINCE firſt I ſaw your face,
  I reſolv'd to honour and renown ye,
If now I be diſdain'd,
  I wiſh my heart had never known ye.
What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
  Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no! my heart is faſt,
  And cannot diſentangle.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

NICHOLAS FREEMAN, 1667.

OF all the brave birds that ever I ſee,
The Owl is the faireſt in her degree;
For all the day long ſhe ſits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies ſhe,
Te-whit, Te-whoo! Sir Knave, to thee:
This ſong is well ſung I make you a vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.
Noſe, noſe, noſe, and who gave thee that jolly red noſe?
Cinnamon and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
'Twas they that gave me this jolly red noſe.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

LET us, my Leſbia, live and love,
Nor caſt a moment's thought away,
Whether a peeviſh world approve,
Or what they think, or what they ſay.
The ſun that ſets ſhall riſe again;
But when our ſhort-liv'd day is o'er,
One long eternal night muſt reign,
A laſting ſleep to wake no more.
Let us then live and love to-day,
And kiſs the fleeting hours away.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

NOW we're met like jovial fellows,
Let us do as wiſe men tell us,
Sing old Roſe, and burn the Bellows.
When the jowl with claret glows,
And wiſdom ſhines upon the noſe,
O then's the time to ſing old Roſe,
And burn the Bellows.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings;
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong;
Thro' verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign,
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Impetuous ſee it pour,
The rocks and nodding groves
Re-bellow to the roar.

ELEGY, THREE VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt?
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt;
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung.
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom ſhall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

WHILE fools their time in ſtormy ſtrife employ,
Be our's engag'd in union, peace, and joy:
Thus the bleſt Gods the genial day prolong
In feaſts ambroſial, and celeſtial ſong.
Apollo tunes the lyre, the Muſes round,
With voice alternate aid the ſilver ſound;
Wiſely we imitate the Pow'rs Divine,
Peace at our heart, and pleaſure our deſign.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BAILDON.

WHEN gay Bacchus fills my breaſt,
All my cares are lull'd to reſt;
Rich I ſeem, as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad ſing:
Ivy wreaths my temple ſhade,
Ivy that will never fade.
Thus I ſit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of ſtate.
Some delight in fighting fields,
Nobler tranſports Bacchus yields:
Fill, fill the bowl! I ever ſaid,
'Tis better to be drunk than dead.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

HOW ſweet, how freſh this vernal day,
  How muſical the air;
Nature was never ſeen more gay,
  Were but my Silvia near.

Huſh, wanton birds! your am'rous ſong
  Alarms my virgin breaſt;
Retire, ſweet whiſtling winds! begone,
  Retire, 'tis love's requeſt.

MADRIGAL, FIVE VOICES.

T. MORLEY, 1595.

NOW is the month of Maying,
When merry lads are playing,
Fa la la;
Each with his bonny laſs,
Upon the greeny graſs,
Fa la la.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

MELTING airs ſoft joys inſpire,
Airs for drooping hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's pray'r,
Joys to flatter dull deſpair,
And ſoftly ſooth the am'rous fire.

ELEGY, FOUR VOICES.

On the DEATH of the DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

NORRIS.

O'ER William's tomb, with ſilent grief oppreſt,
Britannia mourns her Hero now at reſt;
Not tears alone, but praiſes too ſhe gives,
Due to the guardian of our laws and lives.
Nor ſhall that laurel ever fade with years,
Whoſe leaves are water'd with a nation's tears.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

RETURN bleſt days, return ye laughing hours,
Which led me up the roſeate ſteep of youth,
Which ſtrew'd my ſimple path with vernal flow'rs,
And bid me court chaſte ſcience and fair truth;
Witneſs ye winged daughters of the year,
If e'er a ſigh had learnt to heave my breaſt,
If e'er my cheek was conſcious of a tear,
Till Cynthia came and robb'd my ſoul of reſt:
So ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo ſweet, ſhe came,
Youth's damaſk glow juſt dawning on her cheek,
I gaz'd, I ſigh'd, I caught the flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with paſſion weak.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

NOW I'm prepar'd to meet th' enchanting ſcene,
This is the hour the happy gueſts convene;
Welcome this kind releaſe from care,
What can to ſocial joys compare?
With wine and ſongs the jovial night ſhall paſs,
Till morning darts his rays into my glaſs;
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
What can his votaries diſmay?

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

YOU gave me your heart t'other day,
I thought it as ſafe as my own;
I've not loſt it, but what can I ſay?
Not your heart from mine can be known.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BROOKS.

O'ER the ſmooth enamell'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me and ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring,
Under this ſhady roof,
Of branching elm ſtar proof,
And I will bring you where ſhe ſits,
Clad in ſplendour, as befits
Her deity: ſuch a rural queen,
All Arcadia hath not ſeen.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

GREAT Apollo! ſtrike the lyre,
Fill the raptur'd ſoul with fire;
Let the feſtive ſong go round,
Let this night with joy be crown'd.

Hark! what numbers, ſoft and clear,
Steal upon the raviſh'd ear,
Sure no mortal ſweeps the ſtrings!
Liſten: 'tis Apollo ſings.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

THE HUNTSMAN's ROUNDELAY.

WHAT ſhall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leathern ſkin and horns to wear.
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.
Take you no ſcorn to wear a horn,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt born:
Thy father's father bore it,
And thy father wore it;
The horn, the horn, the luſty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorn.

CHEERFUL GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

WHEN Arthur firſt in Court began
To wear long hanging ſleeves,
He entertain'd three ſerving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The firſt he was an Iriſhman,
  The ſecond was a Scot,
The third he was a Welchman,
  And all were knaves, I wot.

The Iriſhman lov'd uſquebaugh,
  The Scot lov'd ale call'd blue-cap,
The Welchman he lov'd toaſted cheeſe,
  And made his mouth like a mouſe-trap.

Uſquebaugh burnt the Iriſhman,
  The Scot was drown'd in ale,
The Welchman had like to be choak'd with a mouſe,
  But he pull'd her out by the tail.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

GLORIOUS Apollo from on high beheld us,
  Wand'ring to find a temple for his praiſe,
Sent Polyhymnia hither to ſhield us,
  While we ourſelves ſuch a ſtructure might raiſe.
Thus then combining, hands and hearts joining,
  Sing we in harmony, Apollo's praiſe.

Here ev'ry gen'rous ſentiment awaking,
  Muſic inſpiring unity and joy;
Each ſocial pleaſure giving and partaking,
  Glee and good-humour our hours employ.
    Thus then combining, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

PEACE to the ſouls of the Heroes; their deeds were great in fight; let them ride around me on clouds; let them ſhew their features in war. My ſoul, then, ſhall be firm in danger, and mine arm like the thunder of heav'n. But be thou on a moon-beam, O Morna, near the window of my reſt; when my thoughts are of peace, when the din of arms is paſt.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

COME, let us all a Maying go,
And lightly trip it to and fro;
The bells ſhall ring,
And the cuckoo ſing;
The drums ſhall beat, and the fifes ſhall play,
And ſo we'll paſs our time away.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW happy, how joyous are we,
None are more innocent, merry, or free:
The day has no ſorrow, the night has no care,
We laugh, and we love, and we baniſh deſpair.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. WILSON, 1667.

FROM the fair Lavinian ſhore,
I your markets come to ſtore;
Muſe not though ſo far I dwell,
And my wares come here to ſell,

Such is the ſacred hunger of gold:
  Then come to my pack,
  Whilſt I cry, What d' y' lack?
What d' y' buy? for here it is to be ſold.

I have beauty, honour, grace,
Fortune, favour, time, and place,
And what elſe thou wouldſt requeſt,
Ev'n the thing thou likeſt beſt.

Firſt let's have but a touch of your gold,
  Then come to me, lad,
  Thou ſhalt have what thy dad
Never gave, for here it is to be ſold.

Madam, come ſee what you lack,
I've complexion in my pack,
White and red you may have in this place,
To hide your old and wrinkled face.

Firſt let me have but a touch of your gold,
  Then thou ſhalt ſeem
  Like a wench of fifteen,
Although you be threeſcore and ten years old.

CANON, THREE IN ONE.

DR. HARINGTON.

I gave her cakes, and I gave her ale,
I gave her ſack and ſherry,
And Peggy grew merry, grew wonderful merry;
I pledg'd her twice, and ſhe pledg'd me thrice,
And at laſt we both were merry.
She prattled and tattled, her little tongue never was weary,
I gave her cakes, and I gave her ale,
And I thought ſhe wou'd never been weary.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

WHILE the moon-beams all bright give a luſtre to night,
I'll weep on his dwelling ſo narrow;
And high o'er his grave the willow-trees wave,
Who died on the Banks of the Yarrow.

'Twas under this ſhade, hand in hand as we ſtray'd,
He fell by the flight of an arrow,
And faſt from the wound his blood ſtain'd the ground,
Who died on the banks of the Yarrow.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY DR. HARINGTON.

IANTHE, the lovely, the joy of her ſwain,
By Iphis was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again;
She liv'd in the youth, and the youth in the fair,
Their pleaſure was equal, and equal their care.
No time, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd ſtill the fonder they grew.

A paſſion ſo happy, alarm'd all the plain,
Some envy'd the nymph, but more envy'd the ſwain;
Some ſaid 'twas a pity their love to invade,
That lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all conſented, that none ever knew,
A fair one ſo kind, or a ſhepherd ſo true.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

SUCCESS to our innocent ſocial delight,
May the Muſes and Graces attend us each night!
Let Friendſhip and Harmony ever abound,
And diſcord alone in our muſic be found:
Let the ſong and the glaſs go about, go about,
And another ſucceed to the bottle that's out.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
  Relieve the heart you 've won;
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
  Or, Moggy, I'm undone.

You ſay I'm fickle, and apt to change
  At every face that's new,
But of all the girls I ever ſaw,
  I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was but a lump of ice,
  Till warm'd by your bright eyes,
But ah! they kindled in a trice
  A flame which never dies.

Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,
  Tho' you ſay I'm not true,
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
  I ne'er lov'd one but you.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

NOR blazing gems, nor ſilken ſheen,
Beſpeak the wearer's heart ſerene;
Nor purple robe, nor tiſſued veſt,
Proclaim the calm unruffled breaſt.

The crimſon mantle and the jewell'd crown,
Fair peace forſakes, well pleas'd to own
The ſhepherd's garb and ruſſet gown.
Sweet Peace forſakes the crouded ſtreet,
And ſhelters in the calm retreat,
With ſolitude the charmer dwells,
Midſt rural meads and flow'ry dells;
She ſhuns the coſtly feaſt, and rare,
Contented with the ſhepherd's fare.
She ſcorns the roofs where nobles dwell,
And ſeeks the ruſtic's humbler cell;
She ſlights the miſer's glitt'ring hoard,
The joys of wine and plenteous board;
Fair virtue's livery ſhe wears,
And all the joys of life are her's.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT

YE Gentlemen of England
  Who live at home at eaſe,
Ah little do you think upon
  The dangers of the ſeas.
Give ear unto the mariners,
  And they will plainly ſhow,
All the cares and the fears,
  When the ſtormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppoſe us,
  When England is at wars
With any foreign nations,
  We fear not wounds or ſcars.
Our roaring guns ſhall teach them
  Our valour for to know,
Whilſt they reel on the keel,
  When the ſtormy winds do blow.

Then, courage, all brave mariners,
  And never be diſmay'd,
Whilſt we are bold adventurers,
  We ne'er ſhall want a trade.
Our Merchants will employ us,
  To fetch them wealth we know:
Then be bold, work for gold,
  When the ſtormy winds do blow.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE BATH TOAST.

TO Delia fill the ſprightly wine,
The health's engaging and divine;
O'er ev'ry heart this toaſt ſhall reign,
Whoſe eyes out-ſparkle bright Champaign.

Let pureſt odours ſcent the air,
And wreaths of roſes bind our hair;
In her chaſte lips theſe bluſhing lie,
And thoſe her gentle ſighs ſupply.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

ODE FOR THE LORD-MAYOR's FEAST.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW wretched thoſe who taſteleſs live,
And ſay this world no joys can give,
Why tempts yon turtle ſprawling?
  Why ſmokes the glorious haunch?
Are theſe not joys ſtill calling
  To bleſs our mortal paunch?
    O, 'tis merry in the Hall,
    When the beards wag all;
What a noiſe, and what a din!
How they glitter round the chin;
Give me fowl, give me fiſh,
Give me ſome of that nice diſh;
Cut me this, cut me that,
Send me cruſt, and ſend me fat;
    More fat, more fat!
Some for tit-bits pulling, hawling,
  Legs, wings, breaſt, head;
Some for liquors ſcolding, bawling,
  Hock, port, white, red:

Here 'tis cramming, cutting, ſlaſhing,
There the greaſe and gravy ſplaſhing:
Look, ſir! what you've done—
Zounds! ſir, you've cut off the Alderman's thumb;
O, my thumb, my thumb!
Zounds! ſir, you've cut off the Alderman's thumb.
O, 'tis merry in the Hall!

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE MYNSTRELL's SONG IN ROWLIE's POEMS. 1460.

O ſynge unto my roundelaie,
O droppe the brynie teare wyth mee;
Daunce ne moo atte halliedaie,
Lyke a runnynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde, gon to his dethe bedde,
All under the willowe tree.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

GREAT Father Bacchus! to my ſong repair,
For cluſt'ring grapes are thy peculiar care;
For thee large bunches load the bending vine,
And the laſt bleſſings of the year are thine.

To thee, his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows:
Come, Bacchus, come, we'll ſtrip, and drench all o'er
Our limbs in ſeas of wine, and drink at ev'ry pore.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

ON A MUSICIAN's TOMB.

O Thou, whoſe notes cou'd oft remove
The pangs of woe or hapleſs love!
Reſt here, diſtreſs'd by cares no more,
And taſte ſuch calm thou gav'ſt before.
Sleep, undiſturb'd, within thy peaceful ſhrine,
'Till angels wake thee with ſuch notes as thine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

Life's a bumper, fill'd by fate,
Let us gueſts enjoy the treat;
Nor like ſilly mortals paſs
Life as 'twere but half a glaſs;
Let this ſcene with joy be crown'd,
Let the Glee and Catch go round;
All the ſweets of life combine,
Mirth and Muſic, Love and Wine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HOOK.

SINCE life's a jeſt, we'll jeſt at life,
And make a jeſt at ſorrow,
For why ſhould we, 'gainſt life's decree,
Be thoughtful of to-morrow?

At jeſts we laugh, then laugh at life,
For life is but a jeſt;
And he who loves and laughs the moſt,
Is he who lives the beſt. *Da Capo.*

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

PAXTON.

AH! ſweeteſt Anna, why do tears
Drown roſes on thy cheek?
Sorrow will beauty ſpoil like years,
Then ceaſe thy tears, and ſpeak.

He's gone, and willows round my brow
Shall twine their mournful leaves,
Shall Anna then wear willows, now
Her faithful William lives?

Then tear off the willows, for ſee o'er the billows,
With ſtreamers all flying thy William advance;
Leave ſighing and dying, his colours are flying,
For laurels he wears in defiance of France.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

GO, burning ſighs, ſome kindred heat impart
To fair Matilda's cold and frozen heart;
Celeſtial Venus! aid a ſuppliant ſwain,
Nor let him longer ſigh in vain.

Be huſh'd, my ſorrows; ceaſe, my tears;
Behold the blue-ey'd nymph appears:
Hence ſighs and ſadneſs far away,
For ſee, ſhe ſmiles, and bids the world be gay.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

ECCLES.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
Makes the heavy light and gay,
  Throws of all their melancholy;
Makes the wiſeſt go aſtray,
And the buſy toy and play,
  And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
Men in years forget they're old;
  Women leave their coy diſdaining,
Who, till then, were ſhy and cold;
Makes the miſer ſlight his gold,
  And the foppiſh entertaining.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

MAJESTIC, lo! yon ſetting Sun
In beauteous pomp declines;
See how the Weſt with crimſon glows,
Streak'd with refulgent lines.
Behold! how nature to its reſt
Each being ſeems t' invite;
The Nightingale's melodious ſong,
Sweet ſong, proclaims the night.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

BEGONE, dull Care, without delay,
To gloomy deſarts haſte away;
Hither haſte, ye ſons of Pleaſure,
Joy here knows nor bound, nor meaſure.
Baniſh care and drowſy thinking,
Now's the reign of Love and Drinking.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

HOW ſhall we mortals ſpend our hours?
In love, in war, in drinking:
None but a fool conſumes his pow'rs
In peace, in care, and thinking.

Time, wou'd you let him wiſely paſs,
Is lively, briſk, and jolly;
Dip but his wings in the ſparking glaſs,
And he'll drown dull melancholy.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DYNE.

FILL the bowl with roſy Wine,
Around our temples roſes twine;
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roſes ſmile.
To-day is our's, what do we fear?
To-day is our's, we have it here;
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh, at leaſt, with us to ſtay.
Let's baniſh care, let's baniſh ſorrow,
To the Gods belongs to-morrow.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SUNG ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER.

CALCOT.

FORGIVE, bleſt ſhade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wiſh that would have kept thee here,
And ſtay'd thy progreſs to the ſeats of bliſs.

No more confin'd to grov'ling ſcenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now ſhould we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

COME, fill the board with gen'rous wine,
And let's regale at Bacchus' ſhrine;
With Harmony and Friendſhip crown'd,
Let's puſh the bottle ſwiftly round.
A ſentiment, my friends, let's give:
May we enjoy the days we live!
Fill, fill, with gen'rous wine.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

COME, ye party jangling ſwains.
Leave your flocks and quit the plains,
Friends to country, friends to court,
Nothing here ſhall ſpoil your ſport.
Ever welcome to our feaſt,
Welcome ev'ry friendly gueſt.

Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames, and virgins gay;
Little gaudy flutt'ring miſſes,
Smiling hopes of future bliſſes.
Ever welcome &c.

All that rip'ning ſun can bring,
Beauteous ſummer, beauteous ſpring;
In one varying ſcene we ſhow
The green, the ripe, the bud, the blow.
Ever welcome &c.

Comus jeſting, Muſic charming,
Wine inſpiring, Beauty warming,
Rage and Party Malice dies,
Peace returns, and Diſcord flies,
Ever welcome &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

TO me the wanton girls inſulting ſay,
Here in this glaſs thy fading bloom ſurvey,
Juſt on the verge of life, 'tis equal quite
Whether my locks are black or ſilver white.
Roſes around my fragrant brows I'll twine,
And diſſipate anxieties in Wine.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

LET the ſage Hermit ſhun mankind,
  Let the dull Miſer hoard his gold,
Let Chloe's charms poor Strephon blind,
  Let treach'rous friends be bought and ſold.
Be mine, amidſt the ſocial band,
  The raptures of Champaigne to taſte;
Whoſe vig'rous juice new reliſh gives
  To mutual converſe, reaſon's feaſt.
Whilſt old Anacreon ſeems to riſe and ſay,
Begone, ye toils of life, ye buſy cares, away!

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

MARK! mortals, mark! with awe profound
What ſolemn ſtillneſs reigns around;
Know, then, though ſtrange it may appear,
Spirits, ſpirits, inhabit here.
Whene'er we leave the circled green,
We Fairies chuſe this ſhady ſcene;
Though mortal hands have form'd theſe bow'rs,
Yet is the ſweet retirement our's:
For here, when as the pallid moon,
Riding at her higheſt noon,
Edging the clouds with ſilver white,
Darts through theſe ſhades a chequer'd light;

Here when we ceaſe our airy ſport,
We range our bands and form our court.
Our royal throne, exalted high,
Unſeen by feeble mortal eye,
Though ſpangled with ten thouſand dews,
Though colour'd with ten thouſand hues,
Approach not with unhallow'd hands!
Beneath yon tall Laburnum ſtands.
Then enter here with guiltleſs mind,
Spurn each vile paſſion far behind:
Hence Envy with her pining train,
And venal Love of ſordid gain;
Hence Malice rankling at the heart,
And dire Revenge with poiſon'd dart;
Hence Luſt with ſly uneven mien,
That through the twilight creeps unſeen;
Hence Vice! avoid this arching grove,
Pollution follows where you move.
Hence, nor near the ſpot be found,
Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful ſcience ſtill adores
Her Henry's holy ſhade;

And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights, th' expanſe below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead, ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flow'rs among,
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His ſilver winding way.

Ah! happy hills, ah! pleaſing ſhade,
  Ah! fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
  A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſoothe;
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

OH! thou ſweet bird, that ſits on ſome lone ſpray,
  Unſeen, amid yon ſolitary grove;
Fly to my Love, and ſing thy little lay,
  For lays like thine the hardeſt heart can move.
Sing till around her ſoft-ey'd Pity play,
And one reſponſive ſigh breathe ſympathizing love.

GLEE, THREE AND FIVE VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

WHEN to the Muſes' haunted hill,
Their laurel groves, and that pure rill
Which poets drink, of old drew nigh
The Goddeſs of the azure eye,
To welcome her th' immortal Choir
Uprais'd the Voice, and ſtruck the Lyre;
The pow'rs of heav'nly ſound were all diſplay'd,
To greet, with honour due, the ſire-born maid:
Firſt in reſponſive Fugue was ſhown
The energy of artful Song;
Then cloſing full in richer tone,
Slow Modulation march'd along.
'Twas then in union, three times three,
They ſang their firſt celeſtial Glee;
Sometimes with luxuriant airs,
Or ſinging ſingly, or in pairs,
They wanton'd in the wilds of ſound,
And laſt with ſymphony compleat,
Though full and ſtrong divinely ſweet,
They made their notes from Pindus' rocks rebound.
Shall Wiſdom only claim the lay?
To Beauty too
The ſong is due,
And ev'ry tribute Harmony can pay.
Inſpir'd by that celeſtial throng,
The feſtive ſtrain we'll lead along,
To welcome Beauty to the ſeats of ſong.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

IN a vale clos'd with woodlands, where grottoes
abound,
Where rivulets murmur, and echoes reſound;
I vow'd to the Muſes my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the ſmiles of my fair.
As Freedom inſpir'd me, I rang'd and I ſung,
And Daphne's dear name never fell from my
tongue;
But if a ſmooth accent delighted my ear,
I ſhou'd wiſh unawares that my Daphne might hear.
With faireſt ideas my boſom I ſtor'd,
To drive from my heart the fair nymph I ador'd;
But the more I with ſtudy my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impreſſion ſhe made on my mind.
Ah! whilſt I the beauties of nature purſue,
I ſtill muſt my Daphne's fair image renew;
The Graces have choſen with Daphne to rove,
And the Muſes are all in alliance with Love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENSON.

SEE, beneath yon bower of roſes,
Sweetly ſleeps the heav'nly maid;
'Tis my gentle Love repoſes,
Softly tread the ſacred ſhade.

Mark the Loves that play around her,
Mark my Ella's graceful mein,
See the Wood-nymphs all ſurround her,
Hailing Ella Beauty's Queen.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENSON.

WHEN Damon is preſent, how fleeting the hours,
All ſilver'd with love they glide ſoftly away:
Ah! tell me how is it, O ſay, ye wing'd pow'rs!
Is Time in a hurry on my happy day.
Scarce had the fond ſhepherd his paſſion reveal'd,
When looking around we perceive it is Noon;
My wiſhes, my ſighs, are ſtill ſtruggling conceal'd,
'Tis Evening, ah! why does the day cloſe ſo ſoon?

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

SWEET Contentment, no reſentment,
In our rural cot reſides;
Budding roſes, fragrant poſies,
Such delight with us abides.
With modeſt look, from nature's book,
Artleſs, ſimple, blythe, and gay;
Singing, dancing, harmleſs prancing,
So we paſs our time away.

From envy free, ſo bleſt are we,
  Each hour gently glides along;
Sweet intreating, oft repeating,
  In the merry dance and ſong.
Here then retire, with us admire
  Ruſtic ſcenes ſo blythe and gay;
Sweet the pleaſure, great the treaſure,
  Come then, paſs your time away.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. ARNE, HARMONIZED BY BROOKS.

WHEN forc'd from my Hebe to go,
  What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
  She was ſorry to ſee me depart.
She caſt ſuch a languiſhing view,
  My path I could ſcarcely diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
  I thought that ſhe bade me return.

Methinks ſhe might like to retire
  To the grove I had labour'd to rear,
For whatever I heard her admire,
  I haſted and planted it there.
Her voice ſuch a pleaſure conveys,
  So much I her accents adore;
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſays,
  I'm ſure ſtill to love her the more.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

THROUGH verdant plains and flow'ry fields,
Where Nature all her ſweetneſs yields,
Our fleecy flock that fain would ſtray,
We watch with pleaſing care each day,
While pipe and flute, in merry glee,
Sound notes of ſweeteſt melody.

At cloſe of day, when labour's o'er,
Our Evening joys return once more;
Each lad and laſs, of ſprightly mein,
With cheerful looks trip o'er the green,
While pipe and flute, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE Roſe's life is one ſhort day,
Her bloſſoms pledge her ſure decay,
In fragrance ſweet, with beauty bright,
She blooms at morn, but fades at night.

Like Thee, proud Beauty finds no ſtay,
How fly thoſe ſweets, ye vainly truſt,
Her roſes bloom to waſte away;
When cropt by death, and loſt in duſt.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

HE that loves a rofy cheek,
  Or doth coral lips admire,
Or from ftar-like eyes doth feek
  Fuel to maintain his fire;
As old Time makes thefe decay,
So his flame muft wafte away.

But a fmooth and ftedfaft mind,
  Gentle thoughts, and calm defire,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
  Kindle never-dying fire;
Where thefe are not, I defpife
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

LET us drink, the glaffes fill,
  Let us quaff the ftream divine,
Fill the glaffes, name the toaft, boys!
  Drink, then, drink, your rofy Wine!
Name the toaft, then: Here's to Love!
  All to Love a bumper fill;
Here's to Mufic! fill again, boys!
  Never let the glafs ftand ftill.

Come, once more, then, Here's to Wine, boys!
Every pleaſure now combine,
Fill again, we'll drink all three, boys!
Here's to Muſic, Love, and Wine.

DUET.

S. GOODWIN.

COULD a man be ſecure, that his Life wou'd endure,
As of old, for a thouſand long years,
What arts might he know,
What acts might he do,
And all without hurry or cares.

But we that have but ſpan-long live,
The thicker muſt lay on the pleaſure,
And ſince Time will not ſtay,
We'll add the Night unto the Day,
And thus we'll fill the meaſure.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW happy, how joyous, how happy are we,
None, none, are ſo innocent, merry, or free;
The day has no ſorrow, the night has no care,
We laugh, and we love, and we baniſh deſpair.

ROUND, THREE VOICES.

DR HARINGTON.

OH that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away, and be at reſt.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

GIVE me the ſweet delights of Love,
Let not anxious Care deſtroy them:
Oh! how divine, ſtill to enjoy them!
Pure are the bleſſings Love beſtowing,
Peace and Harmony ever flowing,
A ſmoaky houſe, a failing trade,
Six ſqualling brats, and a ſcolding jade.

EGYPTIAN LOVE-SONG, TWO VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

SWEET doth bluſh the roſy Morning,
Sweet doth beam the gliſtening dew,
Sweeter ſtill, the Day adorning,
Thy dear ſmiles tranſport my view.
Midſt the bloſſom's fragrance flowing,
Why delights the honied bee?
Sweeter breathe thyſelf, beſtowing,
One kind kiſs on me, on me!

DUET.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW ſweet in the Woodlands, with fleet hound
and horn,
To waken ſhrill Echo, and taſte the freſh morn!
But hard is the chace my fond heart muſt purſue,
For Daphne, fair Dapne, is loſt to my view.

Aſſiſt me, chaſte Dian, the Nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with
diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as ſhe flies,
Tho' Daphne's purſu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.

TRIO.

DR. HARINGTON.

LIFE's ſhort moments ſtill are waſting,
Sorrow's ſtreams around us flow;
Few delights are worth the taſting,
Vain the fleeting joys we know.

Soon each fancy'd bliſs is ending,
Hope deceives, and Fear alarms;
Subtle ſnares on Youth attending,
Age on Beauty's boaſted charms.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

HOW great is the pleaſure, how ſweet the delight,
When ſoft Love and Muſic together unite.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

AT the cloſe of the day, as we drive to the fold,
Oh, how ſweet are the cries of the young and the old;
Baa! Baa! ſweet the bleating of our fold:
On the ſmooth-nibbl'd lawn, how they frolick, how they play,
To the merry, merry pipe, how they wanton out the day,
With our pretty, pretty lambkins, how happy, happy, we,
Such ſounds to hear, ſuch ſports to ſee.

TRIO.

JUDAS MACCABEUS.

HANDEL.

DISDAINFUL of danger, we'll ruſh on the foe,
That thy pow'r, O, Jehovah! all nations may know.

QUARTETTO.

JACKSON.

GO, gentle gales! and bear my ſighs away,
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey;
As ſome ſad Turtle his loſt Love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores,
Thus far from Delia to the woods I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales! and bear my ſighs away,
Come, Delia, come, ah! why this long delay?
Ye flow'rs, that droop, forſaken by the Spring;
Ye birds, that left by Summer, ceaſe to ſing;
Ye trees, that fade, when autumn heats remove;
Say, is not Abſence death to thoſe that love?

QUARTETTO.

JACKSON, FROM A SONG OF DR. GREEN.

GO, Roſe, my Chloe's boſom grace;
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place,
With never-fading Love!
There, Phœnix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.

Know, hapleſs flow'r! that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant Roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair!
One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with Envy, I with Love.

QUARTETTO.

JACKSON, FROM A SONG OF DR. ARNE.

BEHOLD the ſweet flowers around,
With all the bright beauties they wear,
Yet none on the plain can be found
So lovely as Celia is fair.
Ye warblers, come raiſe your ſweet throats,
No longer in ſilence remain,
O lend a fond lover your notes
To ſoften my Celia's diſdain!

Oft-times in yon flowery vale,
I breathe my complaints in a ſong,
Fair Flora attends the ſoft tale,
And ſweetens the borders along.
But Celia, whoſe breath might perfume
The boſom of Flora in May,
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardleſs of all I can ſay.

ELEGY, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

YE woods and ye mountains unknown,
Beneath whoſe dark ſhadows I ſtray,
To the breaſt of my charmer alone,
Theſe ſighs bid ſweet Echo convey.
Wherever he penſively leans,
By fountain, on hill, or in grove,
His heart will explain what ſhe means,
Who ſings both from ſorrow and love.

More ſoft than the Nightingale's ſong,
O waft the ſad ſound to his ear,
And ſay, though divided ſo long,
The friend of his boſom is near.
Then tell him what years of delight,
Then tell him what ages of pain,
I felt while I liv'd in his ſight,
I feel—till I ſee him again.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENS, WORDS BY SHAKESPEARE.

YE ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh,
So good-night with lullaby.

Weaving ſpiders, come not here,
  Hence, ye long-legg'd ſpinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not here,
  Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your ſweet lullaby.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

STEPHENS.

O Miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear—your true Love's coming,
Who can ſing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty Sweeting,
Journies end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wiſe man's ſon doth know.

What is Love? 'tis not hereafter:
Preſent mirth has preſent laughter;
What's to come is ſtill unſure;
In delay there lies no plenty:
Then don't leave me, ſweet and twenty,
Youth's a ſeaſon won't endure.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

C. KING.

O Abſalom! my ſon, my ſon!
Would to God I had died for thee, my ſon!

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

LINLEY.

A Bumper of good liquor
Will end a conteſt quicker,
Than Juſtice, Judge, or Vicar—
So fill each cheerful glaſs;
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why ſooner drain the barrel,
Than be that hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

C. JENNER, M. A.

ANCIENT Phillis has new graces,
'Tis a ſtrange thing, but a true one:
Shall I tell you, tell you how?
She herſelf makes her own faces,
And each morn ſhe wears a new one:
Pray then where's the wonder now?

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HOOK.

WITH horns and hounds in chorus,
Let's uſher in the day,
The ſport's exceeding glorious,
Ariſe! make no delay.
Now the ſtag is rous'd before us,
Come away, come away.

Da Capo.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

W. LAWES, 1673.

GATHER your Roſebuds while you may,
Old Time is ever flying,
And that ſame flow'r which ſmiles to-day,
To-morrow may be dying.

That age is beſt which is the firſt,
While youth and blood are warmer;
Do not expect the laſt and worſt,
Till you've enjoy'd the former.

Then be not coy, nor waſte your time,
But while you're young go marry;
For having once got paſt your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

T. AYLWARD.

A cruel fate hangs threat'ning o'er
The lovely Shepherd I adore;
Ye ſtreams, ye know it, yet purſue your ways,
Ye Nightingales, yet tune your warbling lays.
Ye, who alone were conſcious of our love,
Ceaſe, birds, your notes; ye rivers, ceaſe to move.

DUET.

J. TRAVERS.

WHEN Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of Champaign as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he ſaid,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat and ſit quiet, ſtern Charon replied,
You may have forgot, you were drunk when
you died.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

FROM JACK OF NEWBURY.

HOOK.

IF Delights were only giv'n,
Grief no more an earthly gueſt,
Mortals then would lack a heav'n,
Life wou'd loſe its keeneſt zeſt.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

TWEED SIDE.

CORFE.

WHAT beauties does Flora diſcloſe,
How ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary, ſtill ſweeter than theſe,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daiſy, nor ſweet-bluſhing roſe,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field;
Not Tweed gliding gently through thoſe,
Such beauty and pleaſure does yield.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare,
Love's graces around her do dwell,
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed,
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed?

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CORFE.

DE'IL tak the wars that hurried Willy from me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn,
They made him Captain ſure to undo me,
Woe is me! he'll ne'er return.

A thouſand loons abroad will fight him,
  He from thouſands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him
  To ſtay at home from ſword and gun.
I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft arms
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
By love grown mad,
Without the man of God,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

CORFE.

IN April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approaching rejoiceth the ſwain,
The yellow-hair'd Laddie wou'd oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn-
  trees blow;
There under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his love ev'ning and morn;
He ſung with ſo ſoft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen danc'd around.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

THE MAID OF SELMA.

CORFE.

IN the Hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half clofed with fleep. Soft mufic came to mine ear: it was the Maid of Selma: her neck was white as the bofom of a fwan trembling on fwift-rolling waves; fhe rais'd the nightly fong; for fhe knew that my foul was a ftream that flow'd at pleafant founds. Mix'd with the harp arofe her voice. She came o'er my troubled foul like a beam on the dark heaving ocean, when it burfts from a cloud, and brightens the foamy fide of a wave; 'twas like the mem'ry of joys that are paft; pleafant and mournful to the foul.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY J. BROOKS.

YET awhile, fweet Sleep! deceive me,
  Fold me in thy downy arms,
Let not Care awake to grieve me,
  Lull it with thy potent charms;
I, a turtle, doom'd to ftray,
  Quitting your's, the parent's neft,
Find each bird—a bird of prey,
  Sorrow knows not where to reft.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows;
One ſhould our int'reſt and our paſſions be,
My friend ſhou'd hate the man that injures me.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

B. COOKE.

IF the prize you mean to get,
Seaſon Muſic well with Wit;
Senſe and Harmony combin'd,
Make a banquet for the mind.
The prize obtain'd, with me you'll hold
Sterling Wit is ſterling Gold.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

JOAN ſaid to John, when he ſtopt her t' other day,
Pray, John, let me go, you know I cannot ſtay;
You always teaze me ſo, and want me to ſtay,
But teaze me no more, for now I muſt away.
So ſhe left him in ſpite of all he cou'd ſay,
Who then cou'd ſay nought but—pray, Joan,
prithee ſtay!

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

WINDE gentle Evergreens to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
Sweet Ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine:
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

ATTERBURY.

SWEET enſlaver! can you tell
How I learnt to love ſo well?
In the morning when I riſe,
If the ſunſhine ſtrike mine eyes,
All that pleaſes in his view
Is my hope to look on you.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

TO the Old, long life and treaſure;
To the Young, all health and pleaſure;
  To the Fair, their face
  With eternal grace;
And the Foul, to be lov'd at leiſure.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

THE DEBATE.

BAILDON.

Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late,
I muſt lengthen the debate;
Queſtion, queſtion! Hear him, hear!
Sir, I ſhall name you if you ſtir:
Order, order! Hear him, hear!
Pray ſupport, ſupport the chair.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

BLEST pair of ſyrens, pledges of heav'n's joy,
  Sphere-born harmonious ſiſters, Voice and Verſe!
Wed your divine ſounds mixt, your pow'r employ,
  Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent
That undiſturbed ſong of pure conſent,
As ſung before the ſapphire-colour'd throne,
To Him that ſits thereon, with ſaintly ſhout
  And ſolemn jubilee:
Where the bright Seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud-uplifted angel-trumpets blow;
And the cherubick hoſt, in thouſand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires;

With thoſe juſt ſpirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout, and holy pſalms,
  Singing everlaſtingly:
That we on earth, with undiſcording voice,
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin
Jarr'd againſt nature's chime, and with harſh din
Broke the fair muſic that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion
  ſway'd
In perfect diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience and their ſtate of good.
O, may we ſoon again renew that ſong,
And keep in tune with heav'n, till God, eer long,
To his celeſtial concert us unite,
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn of light!

CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

JACKSON.

TIME has not thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor bent me with his iron hand;
Ah! why ſo ſoon the bloſſom tear,
Ere Autumn yet the fruit demand?
Let me enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many a year has o'er me roll'd;
Pleas'd let me trifle time away,
And ſing of Love ere I grow old!

RONDO, THREE VOICES.

C. JENNER, A.M.

THOU'RT gone, thou'rt gone away,
Thou'rt gone away from me,
Nor friends, nor I, could make thee ſtay;
Thou'ſt cheated them and me.
Until this day I ne'er cou'd think,
That aught cou'd alter thee;
Thou'rt ſtill the miſtreſs of my heart,
Think what thou wilt of me.
Thou'rt ſtill &c.

Whate'er he ſaid, or might pretend,
That ſtole that heart of thine;
I'm ſure true love was not his end,
Not ſuch a love as mine.
Thou'rt ſtill &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

WITH THE ORIGINAL WORDS, BY BEN JOHNSON.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiſs within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirſt that from the ſoul doth riſe,
Doth aſk a drink divine;
But might I Jove's ſweet nectar ſup,
I would not change for thine.

I ſent thee late a roſy wreath,
Not ſo much hon'ring thee,
As giving it in hope that there
It would not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didſt only breathe,
And ſent it back to me;
Since when, it looks, and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of itſelf, but thee.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

JENKINS.

A boat, a boat, unto the ferry;
For we'll go over to be merry,
To laugh, and quaff, and drink good ſherry.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

T. SMART.

WITH my jug in one hand, and my pipe in the other,
I drink to my neighbour and friend;
My cares, in a whiff of tobacco I'll ſmother,
For life I know ſhortly muſt end.
While Ceres moſt kindly refills my brown jug,
With good ale I will make myſelf mellow;
In my old wicker chair I will ſeat myſelf ſnug,
Like a jolly and true-hearted fellow.

DUET.

HAYDON.

AS I ſaw fair Clora walk alone,
The feather'd ſnow came ſoftly down,
As Jove deſcending from his tow'r,
To court her in a ſilver ſhow'r.
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſts,
As little birds into their neſts,
But being o'ercome with whiteneſs there,
For grief diſſolv'd into a tear;
Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

S. IVES. 1652.

COME, honeſt friends and jovial boys!
Follow, follow me,
And ſing this Catch right merrily.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

BREATHE ſoft, ye winds! ye waters, gently flow!
Shield her, ye trees! ye flow'rs, around her grow!
Ye ſwains, I beg you'll paſs in ſilence by;
My Love in yonder vale aſleep doth lie.

DUET.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles:
I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the Fates will is;
You, my boy, muſt go,
The Gods will have it ſo,
To the Siege of Troy;
You muſt go, my boy,
Thence never to return to Greece again,
But before thoſe walls to be ſlain.
Let not your noble courage be caſt down,
But, all the while you lay before the town,
Drink, and drive care away, drink and be merry:
You'll ne'er go the ſooner to the Stygian ferry.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.
LORD MORNINGTON.

'TWAS you, ſir, 'twas you, ſir,
I tell you nothing new, ſir,
'Twas you that kiſs'd the pretty girl,
'Twas you, ſir, you!
'Tis true, ſir, 'tis true, ſir,
You look ſo very blue, ſir,
I'm ſure you kiſs'd the pretty girl,
'Tis true, ſir, true!
O, ſir, no, ſir,
How can you wrong me ſo, ſir?
I did not kiſs the pretty girl,
But I know who.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. NORRIS.

WILT thou lend me thy Mare to go a mile?
No, ſhe's lamed, leaping over a ſtile.
But if thou wilt her to me ſpare,
Thou ſhalt have money for thy Mare.
Oh, oh! ſay you ſo?
Money will make the Mare to go.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

HARK! Harry, 'tis late, come let us be gone,
For Weſtminſter Tom, by my faith, ſtrikes one;
Say'ſt thou ſo, honeſt lad, what makes him ſo ſaucy,
To ſtrike one, and yet not tell us the cauſe why?
'Twas done in good part to get us away,
And he'll certainly double his blow if we ſtay.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

CHAIRS to mend! old chairs to mend!
Ruſh or cane bottom, old chairs to mend!
New mackarel! new mackarel!
Old rags! any old rags!
Take money for your old rags!
Any hare's ſkins, or rabbit's ſkins?

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. ALDRICH.

HARK the bonny Chriſt-Church Bells,
One, two, three, four, five, ſix;
They ſound ſo great, ſo wond'rous ſweet,
And they troul ſo merrily, merrily.
Hark the firſt and ſecond bell,
That every day at four and ten,
Cries, Come, come, to pray'rs!
And the Virger troops before the Dean.
Tingle, tingle! goes the ſmall bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the de'il a man will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

CATCH, FOUR VOICES.

PURCELL.

SOLDIER, Soldier! take off thy wine,
And ſhake thy locks, as I ſhake mine;
How can I my poor locks ſhake,
That have but ten hairs on my pate;
And one of them muſt go for tythe,
So there remains but four and five;
Four and five, and that makes nine,
Then take off your drink, as I take mine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

STRAY not to thoſe diſtant ſcenes,
From thy comfort do not rove,
Tarry in theſe peaceful glens,
Tread the quiet paths of Love.

Is not this ſequeſter'd ſhade
Richer than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this peaceful ſhade,
Tarry here with me and Love.

See the limpid brooks around,
Winding through the varied grove;
This is Paſſion's fairy ground,
Tarry here with me and Love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

PAXTON.

UPON the poplar bough, in mournful ſtrains,
For her loſt young ſad Philomel complains,
Of which the hind, with unrelenting breaſt,
As yet unfledg'd defrauds the tuneful neſt;
Near which ſhe ſits upon the lighten'd ſpray,
Mournfully ſad, and pours her ſoul away,
Renewing ſtill her lamentable ſong,
While through the woods and vales the murmurs
die along.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. ARNE.

WHICH is the propereſt day to drink,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?
Each is the propereſt day I think,
Why ſhou'd I name but one day?

Tell me but your's, I'll mention my day,
Let us but fix on ſome day;
Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

ARE the white hours for ever fled
That us'd to mark the cheerful day;
And ev'ry blooming pleaſure dead,
That led th' enraptur'd ſoul aſtray?

Too faſt the roſy-footed train,
The bleſt delicious moments, paſs'd;
Pleaſure muſt now give way to pain,
And grief ſucceeds to joy at laſt.

O Daughters of eternal Jove,
Return with the returning year!
Bring pleaſure back, and ſmiles, and love,
Let blooming love again appear.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jane,
Where heartſome with thee I have many days been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are all for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on war;
Though borne on rough ſea to a far diſtant ſhore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

NOW round the board my friends in concert join,
And drown deſpair in copious draughts of Wine.
Vulcan! ſit down and blow the fire,
And Bacchus ſhall my butler be;
Approach, my Genius, fill the goblet higher,
I'll have no other Ganymede than thee.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

WITHIN this tomb a Lawyer lies,
Whom fame reports was juſt and wiſe;
An able advocate, and honeſt too:
That's wond'rous ſtrange, if it be true!

RONDO, THREE VOICES.

PURCELL.

FROM DIDO AND ENEAS.

FEAR no danger to enſue,
The hero loves as well as you;
Ever gentle, ever ſmiling,
And the cares of life beguiling,
Cupid, ſtrew your paths with flow'rs,
Gather'd from elyſian bow'rs:
Fear no danger to enſue,
The hero loves as well as you.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

WHEN winds breathe ſoft along the ſilent deep,
The waters curl, the peaceful billows ſleep;
A ſtronger gale the troubled wave awakes,
The ſurface roughens, and the ocean ſhakes;
More dreadful ſtill, when furious ſtorms ariſe,
The mounting billows bellow to the ſkies;
On liquid rocks the tottering veſſel's toſt,
Unnumber'd ſurges laſh the foaming coaſt;
The raging waves, excited by the blaſt,
Whiten with wrath, and ſplit the ſturdy maſt;
When in an inſtant, HE, who rules the floods,
Earth, air, and fire, JEHOVAH! God of Gods!

In pleaſing accents ſpeaks his ſov'reign will,
And bids the waters and the winds be ſtill:
Huſh'd are the winds, the waters ceaſe to roar,
Safe are the ſeas, and ſilent is the ſhore.
Now, ſay, what joy elates the ſailor's breaſt,
With proſp'rous gale ſo unexpected bleſs'd?
What eaſe, what tranſport, in each face is ſeen!
The heav'ns look bright, the air and ſea ſerene;
For ev'ry plaint we hear a joyful ſtrain
To Him, whoſe pow'r unbounded rules the main.

GLEE, THREE AND FIVE VOICES.

J. S. STEVENS.

Sigh no more, ladies! ladies, ſigh no more!
  Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in ſea and one on ſhore,
  To one thing conſtant never;
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them go,
  And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your ſounds of woe,
  To hey, nonny, nonny!

Sing no more ditties; ladies, ſing no more
  Of dumps ſo dull and heavy,
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
  Since ſummer firſt was leafy;
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

GO, idle boy! I quit thy bow'r,
Thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r,
I wiſh thee well for pleaſures paſt,
And bleſs the hour I'm free at laſt;
Yet ſtill, methinks the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray,
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry ſtream untuneful flows.
Haſte thee back, then, idle boy,
And with thine anguiſh bring thy joy;
Though rent my heart with ev'ry pain,
Yet let me love and love again!

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY BROOKS.

'TWAS within a mile of Edinborough town,
  In the roſy time of the year,
Sweet flow'rets bloom'd, and the graſs was down,
  And each Shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay;
The laſſie bluſh'd, and frowning cried,
No, no, it wonna do,
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
Munna, buckle too.

But when he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his flocks and his herds were but few,
She gave him her hand, and a kiſs beſide,
And vow'd ſhe'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,
Won her heart right merrily;
At church ſhe no more frowning cried,
No, no, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BAILDON.

ADIEU! to the village delights,
Which lately my fancy enjoy'd,
No longer the country invites,
To me all its pleaſures are void.
Adieu! thou ſweet health-breathing hill,
Thou canſt not my comfort reſtore,
For ever adieu! my dear vill,
My Lucy, alas! is no more!

She, ſhe was the cure of my pain,
My bleſſing, my honour, and pride;
She ne'er gave me cauſe to complain
Till that fatal day that ſhe died.
Her eyes that ſo beautiful ſhone,
Are cloſed for ever in ſleep;
And mine, ſince my Lucy is gone,
Have nothing to do but to weep.

Cou'd my tears the bright angel reſtore,
  Like a fountain they never ſhou'd ceaſe;
But Lucy, alas! is no more,
  And I am a ſtranger to peace.
Let me copy with fervour devout
  The virtues that glow'd in her heart,
Then ſoon, when life's ſand is run out,
  We ſhall meet again never to part.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY J. BROOKS.

HAD I a heart for falſehood fram'd,
  I ne'er cou'd injure you,
For though your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
  Your charms wou'd make me true.
To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
  No ſtranger offer wrong,
But Friends in all the aged you'll meet,
  And Lovers in the young.

But, when they learn that you have bleſs'd
  Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt,
  And act a Brother's part.
Then, Lady, dread not their deceit,
  Nor fear to ſuffer wrong,
For Friends in all the aged you'll meet,
  And Brothers in the young.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

GIARDINI.

HERE's a health to all good laſſes,
Pledge me merrily, fill your glaſſes;
Let a bumper-toaſt go round:
May they live a life of pleaſure,
Without mixture, without meaſure,
For with them true joys are found.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

YE ſtreams through the vallies that rove,
Ye flow'rs that ſpangle the plain,
Ye tribes that inhabit the grove,
For Laura your beauties retain.
Ye woods that ſurround her retreat,
Shou'd ſhe chance to your coverts to ſtray,
In whiſpering murmurs repeat,
What I fear in her preſence to ſay,

In vain to the Shepherds I fly,
Whoſe mirth us'd my ſpleen to diſarm,
Their ſports now awaken the ſigh,
Their paſtimes no longer can charm;
The Spring will no pleaſure impart,
The Sun with no luſtre will ſhine,
No comfort will gladden my heart,
Till Laura and Beauty are mine.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BROOKS.

ZEPHYR, haſte, ah! ſwiftly fly
To the charmer of my heart,
In the ſemblance of a ſigh,
All my boſom feels, impart;
Tenderly a flame reveal,
Which I never can conceal:
But ſhould ſhe with cold diſdain,
Or pointed mirth, my ſuit deride,
Careleſs wanton in my pain,
Or cruelly my paſſion chide,
Return to me—the tidings bear,
And I will drown thee—in a tear.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BROOKS.

YOUNG Damon was a Shepherd's boy,
Fal, lal, la, de ral, de ral, de ra.
And much he lov'd to kiſs and toy,
Fal, lal, la.
Long time he woo'd a ruſtic maid,
Who was of love moſt ſore afraid,
For when he ſigh'd ſhe only ſaid,
Fal, lal, la, &c.

With jocund heart one morn he rose,
Fal, lal, la,
Clad in his beſt and Sunday's clothes;
Fal, lal, la,
That he this damſel's heart might gain,
He talk'd of love, he talk'd of pain,
And ſung an artleſs love-ſick ſtrain,
Fal, lal, la, &c.

This maiden's heart 'gan to relent,
Fal, lal, la,
She gave her hand with free conſent,
Fal, lal, la,
Such happy loves were ſeldom ſeen,
To trip along the verdant green,
As Damon and his Sylvan Queen,
Fal, lal, la, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

FROM THE WOODMAN.

SHOU'D Mirth be obſerv'd by her ſons to decline,
They recruit her bright lamp with a flaſk of good wine;
When the glaſs circles round, and our ſpirits improve,
How ſweet flows the bumper to Friendſhip and Love!

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HARMONIZED BY J. BROOKS.

LIFE is checquer'd toil and pleaſure,
Fill up all the various meaſure,
See the Crew in flannel jerkins,
Drinking, toping flip by firkins,
And as they raiſe the tip
To their happy lip,
On the deck is heard no other ſound,
But—Prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
Prithee Sam, prithee Tom,
Prithee Jack, prithee Dick,
  Let the Can go round!
Then, hark! to the boatſwain's whiſtle,
Buſtle, buſtle, buſtle, my boy!
Let us ſtir, let us toil,
Let us drink all the while,
It will lighten our labour and toil.

Life is checquer'd toil and pleaſure,
Fill up all the various meaſure,
Hark! the Crew, with ſun-burnt faces,
Chanting black-ey'd Suſan's graces,
And as they raiſe their notes
Through their ruſty throats,
On the deck is heard no other ſound,
But—Prithee Jack, &c.
  Let the Can go round.
Then, hark! &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BROOKS.

DIMPLED Pleaſure, ever gay,
Parent of the jocund hour,
Hither wing thy wanton way,
Here thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhow'r.
High to thee the bowl we'll raiſe,
Ev'ry ſong ſhall ſound thy praiſe;
For to thee, alone, belong
Flowing bowls, and feſtive ſong.
Now that youth and life are ours,
Let us cull life's faireſt flow'rs,
Sip the ſweets, and, while 'tis May,
Bear the honey'd prize away.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

FOR all thy boons below,
Oh, ruddy Health! to thee,
Thus ever, ever flow
The grateful ſtrains of induſtry.
From Labour's ſons around,
The Woodlands catch the ſound,
While ſongſters blithe, on ev'ry ſpray,
Attune their voices to our roundelay.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

O! why to be happy a moment forbear,
From a dread that a ſorrow may fall to our ſhare?
Why look for the night, when the Sun's in its noon,
For come Care when it will, we ſhall know it too ſoon?
Then, why to be happy &c.

On the blithe minutes paſt no regret will be ſhed,
But welcome with Wine thoſe which come in their ſtead,
Then why to be happy &c.
And Time bearing witneſs to give us our due,
Shall own that we ſprinkled his wings as he flew.
Then why to be happy &c.
Why look for the night, &c.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

WEBBE.

NEIGHBOURS, come round me, hear my tale,
I've found a lambkin in the vale;
He that has loſt it, ere I ſhow it,
Muſt name the mark whereby to know it,
They all agreed it was not known,
O then, ſaid Phœbe, 'tis my own.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BOYTON.

CARELESS of all but Love and you,
From place to place I range,
But ſtill no happineſs I knew,
Nor pleaſure by the change.
The murm'ring ſtream, the fruitful field,
The plain, the ſhady grove,
Alike to me no pleaſure yield,
When abſent from my Love.

Yet, if my Delia but appears,
How chang'd is all the ſcene,
Nature a gayer livery wears,
And I forget my pain.
The murm'ring ſtream, the fruitful field,
The plain, the ſhady grove,
Alike to me all pleaſure yield,
When bleſt with her I love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BOYTON.

TELL me, meſſmates, jovial crew,
To what you moſt incline:—
I to love a Miſtreſs true,
And I to gen'rous Wine.

When dangers great your ſhip ſurround,
  Where can you ſolace find?
In Love its always to be found:
  'Tis better found in Wine.

My Miſtreſs fills my faithful breaſt;
  My Bottle dwells in mine;
Its comfort, all muſt own, is beſt—
  'Tis gen'rous, gen'rous Wine.

CHORUS.

With Love and Wine each willing heart
  Wou'd brave all wind and weather,
Then let the bleſſings they impart
  Be blended well together.

CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

WEBBE.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
And my being's but a ſpan,
'Tis a march that I muſt make,
'Tis a journey I muſt take:
What is paſt I know full well,
What is future, who can tell?
Teazing Care that ſets me free,
What have I to do with thee?
All my ſhort-liv'd hours ſhall ſhine,
Thus replete with Mirth and Wine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

THE APPREHENDING AND COMMITMENT OF MARY JENKINS FOR MURDER.

A full, true, and particular account of that horrid, barbarous, cruel, and inhuman murder, which was committed on Wednesday last, by Mary Jenkins, with her examination before the Justice, and her commitment to Newgate.

NEW YEAR's GLEE, THREE VOICES.

REV. MR. WILLS.

HAIL! ſocial pleaſure!
The heart's dearest treaſure,
In muſical meaſure,
  We welcome thee here;
Since life is fleeting,
From fate no retreating,
Enjoy then our meeting
  To greet the New-Year.

Sure it wou'd be treaſon,
Againſt ſenſe and reaſon,
At this happy ſeaſon,
  Our joys to refrain;
For ſorrow and ſadneſs
Is nothing but madneſs,
When innocent gladneſs
  Solicits the ſtrain.

Wake the loud Chorus,
Mirth is before us,
Cupid invites us,
Gay Bacchus excites us,
While Muſic delights us
  Our ſpirits to cheer;
Then join in repeating
Our wiſh for compleating
The ſcheme of our meeting,
  To hail the New-Year.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

L. ATTERBURY.

HAPPY the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own;
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day;
Be fair or foul, or rain, or ſhine,
The joys I have poſſeſs'd are mine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BOYTON.

LOVELY Nymphs, and jovial Swains,
Here repair where Pleaſure reigns;
Oh! poſſeſs her while you may,
She invites not ev'ry day.

Care! with all thy train, begone;
Foe to pleaſure and to man;
To the Miſer's hoarded cell
Fly, and ever with him dwell:
But, guileleſs pleaſure, ſweet and fair,
Void of envy, void of care,
On thy vot'ries deign to ſmile,
While we thus the hours beguile.

CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

JACKSON.

YE Nymphs and Shepherds of the dale,
Who lately mark'd me all forlorn,
Who ſigh'd with pity on my tale,
And dropt a tear to hear me mourn;
With thought conſum'd, with viſage drear,
No more mid deſart rocks I pine,
My ſoul's ſoft idol hears my pray'r,
And vows for ever to be mine.

FAIRY GLEE, THREE VOICES.

QUEEN MAB's MARCH.

DR. HARINGTON.

SEE o'er the brow the Moon doth peep,
Ye fairy Elves! forſake your ſleep.

CANZONET, TWO VOICES.

JACKSON.

LOVE in thine eyes for ever plays,
He to thy ſnowy boſom ſtrays,
He makes thy roſy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair;
Love dwells in ev'ry outward part,
But, ah! he never touch'd thine heart.

How diff'rent is my fate from thine,
No outward marks of love are mine;
My brow is clouded by deſpair,
And grief, love's bitter foe, is there;
But deep within my glowing ſoul,
He rules, he reigns, without controul.

INVOCATION, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

THOU to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing or play,
Careleſs of all the cens'ring world may ſay.
O! Faireſt of thy Sex! be thou my muſe,
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe,
So ſhall my notes to future times proclaim,
Unbounded Love and ever-during Flame.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

BAILDON.

BACCHUS, Jove's delightful boy,
Gen'rous God of Wine and Joy,
Still exhilarates my ſoul,
With the raptures of the bowl;
Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a feſtive round;
Then I feel the ſparkling Wine,
Tranſports delicate, divine;
Then the ſprightly Muſic warms,
Songs delight, and Beauty charms.
Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

HARK! the Bugle's ſylvan ſtrain
Calls us to the ſportive plain,
  Scene of artleſs love!
Shepherds faithful tales advancing,
Maidens' hearts in tranſport dancing,
  Happy may they prove;
How bliſsful then the Wood-nymph's green retreat,
Where Love and Innocence enraptur'd meet.
  Hark! &c. *Da Capo.*

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEPHENS.

WHAT to the valiant Knight of Spain
  Was Donna del Toboſo,
Such is the idol of his brain
  To ev'ry Virtuoſo:—
Don Quixote to a goddeſs lifted
  An home-ſpun country laſs,
Each grain of corn the damſel ſifted,
  With him for pearls cou'd paſs:
Whate'er the curious deifies,
  It thus his fancy warms,
And gives to ſhells and butterflies
  Imaginary charms.
But let not thoſe who look more grave,
  Themſelves their wiſdom pride on,
Since ev'ry man muſt ſometimes have
  His hobby-horſe to ride on.

TRIO IN COMUS.

DR. ARNE.

LIVE and love, enjoy the fair,
Baniſh ſorrow, baniſh care;
Mind not what old dotards ſay;
Age has had his ſhare of play,
But youth's ſports begin to-day.

From the fruits of ſweet delight,
Why ſhou'd ſcare-crow virtue fright?
Here in Pleaſure's vineyard we,
Rove like birds from tree to tree,
Careleſs, airy, gay, and free.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

SHIELD.

WHAT is Love?———
An odd compound of ſimples moſt ſweet,
Cull'd in life's ſpring by fancy,
Poor mortals to cheat;—
A paſſion no eloquence yet cou'd improve,
So a ſigh beſt expreſſes the paſſion of love.

HUNTING GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HAYES.

HARK! how the jolly Huntſman's cries,
In concert with the op'ning Hounds,
Rend the wide concave of the ſkies,
And tire dull Echo with their ſounds:
Ah! me, the ſprightly bounding Doe,
The chace, and ev'ry thing I view,
Still to my mind recall my woe:
So, Celia flies, ſo I purſue.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

COME, follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy Elves that be,
Come follow Mab, your Queen,
And trip it ſtill unſeen;
Hand in hand let's dance around,
And lightly tread the circled ground.
When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnoring in their neſt,
Then unheard, and uneſpy'd,
We through the key-hole quickly glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
How nimbly ſport our Fairy Elves;
By midnight revels when diſtreſs'd,
And wearied nature ſeeks her reſt,
Soon as the Moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

DUET.

TRAVERS. WORDS BY PRIOR.

SAYS Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
You never once told me one truth in your life;
Vex'd Pontia no way wou'd this theſis allow,
You're a Cuckold, ſays ſhe; do I tell you truth
now?

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DANBY.

CROWN'D with roſes, let us quaff
The gen'rous liquor, jeſt, and laugh;
Let our Laſſes dance around
To the cittern's ſportive ſound,
Each a Thyrſis in her hand,
Let the boys too join the band;
One ſhall ſing, and one ſhall play,
All ſhall merry be and gay;
Cupid, with his golden hair,
Ever young and ever fair;
Bacchus, ſprightly God and gay,
Venus, Queen of Love and May,
Theſe our quire ſhall join, and bring
With them everlaſting ſpring:
Beauty, Mirth, and Wine, and Love,
Ev'ry ſorrow ſhall remove.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

PRITHEE fill me a glaſs,
Till it laugh in my face,
With ale that is potent and mellow;
He that whines for a laſs,
Is an ignorant aſs,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

ANSWER TO "SIGH NO MORE LADIES." PERCY.

SAY not ſo, Friar! Friar, ſay not ſo,
  That men are conſtant never,
For my true love has died for me,
  And doom'd me wretched ever;
Then let me ſigh, until I die,
  Nor e're be blithe and bonny,
Or quit my plaintive ſong of woe
  For—Heigh! nonny, nonny.

Say not ſo, Friar! Friar, ſay not ſo,
  For time does now diſcover,
Since Summer trees were leafy ſeen,
  Ne'er liv'd ſo true a lover;
Then let me ſigh, &c.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

WEBBE.

LIVE to-day, enjoy each bleſſing,
  Taking what the Gods have ſent;
Time is ever on us preſſing,
  Let no moment be misſpent.
Fill the glaſs and fill the bowl,
  May Bacchus ſtill with love agree;
And let each Briton warm his ſoul
  With Love, and Wine, and Liberty.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

SHIELD.

MY mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love: and he ſhe lov'd prov'd falſe,
And did forſake her: ſhe had a ſong of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it: that ſong, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all o' one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

IT was a Friar of order grey,
  Walk'd forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a Lady fair,
  Clad in a pilgrim's weeds:
Now, heav'n thee ſave, thou rev'rend Friar,
  I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at your holy ſhrine
  My true love thou didſt ſee.
And how ſhou'd I your true love know,
  From any other one?
O by his cockle hat and ſtaff,
  And by his ſandal ſhoon.

The holy Father thus reply'd:
O! Lady! he is dead and gone,
And at his head a green grafs turf,
And at his heels a ftone;

Weep no more lady; lady, weep no more,
Thy forrow is in vain,
For vi'lets pluck'd, the fweeteft fhow'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Yet, ftay, fair Lady, reft awhile
Beneath yon cloifter wall,
See thro' the hawthorn blows the wind,
And drizzling rain doth fall.

O, ftay me not, thou holy Friar,
O, ftay me not, I pray,
No drizzling rain that falls on me
Can wafh my fault away.

GLEE.

PERKINS.

SWEET is the pleafure melodiouſly flowing,
When love is the fubject of Celadon's lay;
Joys and foft raptures ferenely beftowing
On Daphne's retreat from the cares of the day.

Lambs in green paftures with innocence bleating,
And ftreamlets fhall bubble their notes to his air;
Rocks fhall turn vocal thro' Echo repeating
That Daphne's "*the faireft of all that is fair.*"

CATCH, FOUR VOICES.

MORELLA.

HALF an hour paſt twelve o'clock, and a ſtar-
light morning.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

FROM THE TEMPEST. DR. COOKE.

HALCYON days, now wars are ending,
You ſhall find whene'er you ſail,
Tritons all the while attending
With a kind and gentle gale;
No ſtars again ſhall hurt you from above,
But all your days ſhall paſs in peace and love.
Halcyon days, &c.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

CALCOT.

O Love! how ſwift thy faireſt proſpects fade,
Swift as the beauty of a vernal day;
At morn the ſun illumes the dewy glade,
And flow'rs expanding drink his orient ray.

But ſoon it paſſes, chilling blaſts ariſe,
The flow'rets droop, its luſtre diſappears;
And the light clouds that glow'd with golden dyes,
Chang'd to black vapours mourn its fate in tears.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

DR. COOKE.

Hand in hand with Fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place;

Now until the break of day,
Thro' this houſe each Fairy ſtray:

To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be,
And the iſſue there create
  Ever ſhall be fortunate.

So ſhall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be,
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
  Never mole, hare-lip, nor ſcar,
  Nor mark prodigious,

Such as are deſpis'd in nativity,
Shall upon their children never be;
  No, never, on their children be,
  With this field dew conſecrate.

Ev'ry Fairy take his gait,
And each ſev'ral chamber bleſs.
Through this palace with ſweet peace:
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner ſhall be bleſt:

Chorus.—Trip away, make no ſtay,
Meet we all by break of day.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

HOOK.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack tumbled down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

TO be jovial and gay, to be merry and wiſe,
To paſs time away, is a boon that I prize;
With Friendſhip and Glee to fill up the ſpan,
Is a life that ſuits me, and I will if I can.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

CALCOT.

HAIL! happy Albion! Queen of Iſles,
Peaceful freedom o'er thee ſmiles;
Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded can deſcry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars ſhed
The fragrance of its bluſhing head;
Through the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye, and dauntleſs mien,
Thy ſteady courſe of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor ſeek the ſhore:
The ſtar of Brunſwick ſhines ſerene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

WEBBE.

FLY me not, O lovely Maid!
Though the bloom of life's decay'd,
Though my hairs are growing grey,
Haſte thee not ſo faſt away;
And, though freſh in youth you ſhine,
And all the flow'r of life is thine,
In Beauty's loveliest bright array,
Haſte thee not ſo faſt away.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ODE TO SPRING. PAXTON.

HAIL! bluſhing Goddeſs! beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train doſt bring
Loves and Graces, ſmiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flow'rs;
Come with tints of roſeate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

ROSLINE CASTLE. CORFE.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
When Colin with the morning ray
Aroſe, and ſung his rural lay.

Of Nanny's charms the Shepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſline Caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the cheerful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet Muſe! the breathing Spring
With rapture warms; awake, and ſing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a ſong.
To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay,
Oh! bid her haſte and come away,
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

Oh! hark, my love, on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay:
'Tis Beauty fires the raviſh'd tongue,
And Love inſpires the melting ſong.
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe,
For Beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And Love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my Love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the Muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine.
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the ſpring;
Thoſe graces, that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

FIRST STANDING GLEE AFTER SUPPER.

WITH a jolly full Bottle, let each man be arm'd,
We muſt be good ſubjects, whoſe hearts are thus warm'd;
Here's a health to old England, the King, and the Church,
May all plotting contrivers be left in the lurch;
May England's great Monarch bravely fight his juſt cauſe,
Eſtabliſh long Peace, our Religion, and Laws.

THE WORDS OF THE MUSIC OF MACBETH.

MATTHEW LOCKE.

1 *Witch.* Speak, ſiſter! is the deed done?
2 *Witch.* Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glaſſes ſince have run.
3 *Witch.* Ill deeds are ſeldom ſlow,
Or ſingle, but following crimes on former wait.
4 *Witch.* The worſt of creatures faſteſt propagate.
Many more murders muſt this one enſue;
Dread horrors ſtill abound,
And ev'ry place ſurround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.
2 *Witch.* He muſt!
3 *Witch.* He ſhall!

4 *Witch.* He will ſpill much more blood,
And become worſe, to make his title good.
Chorus. He will, he will ſpill much more blood,
And become worſe, to make his title good.
1 *Witch.* Now let's dance.
Chorus. Agreed, agreed, agreed.
We ſhould rejoice when good kings bleed.
1 *Witch.* When cattle die, about we go;
When lightning and dread thunder
Rend ſtubborn rocks in ſunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What ſhall we do ?
Chorus. Rejoice——we ſhould rejoice.
1 *Witch.* When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains jarring,
And monarchs die deſpairing,
What ſhould we do?
Chorus. Rejoice——we ſhould rejoice.

SONG.

1 *Witch.* Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.
2 *Witch.* Sometimes like brinded cats we ſhew,
Having no muſic but our mew,
To which we dance in ſome red mill,
Upon the hopper, ſtone, or wheel;
To ſome old ſaw, or bardiſh rhime,
Chorus. Where ſtill the mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
Beetles ſing in drowſy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er ferns and furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs;
Or if with none of theſe we meet,
Chorus. We dance to the Echoes of our feet.

Chorus. At the night-raven's diſmal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly, dance we ſtill,
To th' Echoes from a hollow hill.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate! come away!
Hecate. Hark, hark! I'm call'd,
My little merry airy ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in foggy cloud, and waits for me.
Witch. Hecate, Hecate!

Air, *Hec*. Thy chirping voice I hear,
So pleaſing to my ear,
At which I poſt away,
With all the ſpeed I may.

Where's Puckle?—*W*. Here.

Hec. Where's Stradling?—*W*. Here:
And Hopper too, and Hellway too:
We want but you, we want but you.

Chorus. Come away, make up th' account.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.
Now I'm furniſh'd for my flight.
Air. Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my ſweet ſp'rit, and I:
O what a dainty pleaſure's this!
To ſail in the air,
When the moon ſhines fair,
To ſing, to dance, to toy, and kiſs,
Over woods, high rocks and mountains;
Over hills and miſty fountains,
Over ſteeples, towns, and turrets,
Chorus. We fly by night 'mongſt troops of ſpirits.

Recitative and Chorus.

Black ſpirits and white, red ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Round, around, around about,
All ill come running in, all good keep out.

Recitative and Chorus.

Here's the blood of a bat:
O put in that.
Here's lizard's brain:
Put in a grain.
Here's juice of toad;—here's oil of adder,
And that will make the charm grow madder.
Put in all theſe, 'twill raiſe a ſtench:
Hold, here's three ounces of a red-hair'd wench.
Chorus. Round, around, around about, &c.

ADDENDA

TO THE

Harmonic Society's Glees, &c.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

THE MULBERRY SHADE.

J. DANBY.

WHO was it that ſat in the Mulberry ſhade?
Who was it that courted a ſmart little maid?
Who was it this ſmart little maid made a jeſt on?
It was you,—it was you,—it was you,—
Or 'twas old Colly Weſton.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

WHEN Phœbus the tops of the hills doth adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound of the echoing horn!
When the antling ſtag is rouz'd by the ſound,
Erecting his ears, nimbly ſweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain:
Yet ſtill we purſue,—and now come in view
of the glorious game.

O, ſee! how again he rears up his head,
And, winged with fear, redoubles his ſpeed:
But, oh! 'tis in vain, 'tis is vain that he flies,
That his eyes loſe the huntſman, his ears loſe the
cries,

For now his ſtrength fails him, he heavily flies;
And he pants—pants—pants—pants,
Till with well-ſcented hounds ſurrounded he dies.
Tonta-ron, ton-ta-ron, he dies.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

OCCASIONED BY HEARING "NON NOBIS" ILL SUNG.

WHAT ſhall we ſing, now we are three?
Let it be Non Nobis, DOMINE:—
Hold, ſir, hold, indeed that's wrong;—
I'm ſure 'tis right, ſo pray go on.
Begin again, it is not ſo, ſir,
I'll ſwear 'tis wrong—it can't be ſo, ſir.
I'm ſure I'm right—indeed you're wrong—
I'll ſing no more—you both are wrong.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

LORD MORNINGTON.

AN IMITATION OF MATTHEW LOCKE.

COME, ſhepherds, come away, without delay,
While the gentle time doth ſtay;
Green woods are dumb, and will never tell to any
Thoſe proud kiſſes, and thoſe many
Fond embraces which were given,
Dainty pleaſures that could ev'n
In coldeſt age raiſe a fire,
And give to virgins ſoft deſire.
Come, ſhepherds, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DANBY.

WITH the ſun we riſe at morn,
  Haſte our flocks into the mead;
By the fields of yellow corn,
  There our gentle lambs we feed,
Ever ſportive, ever gay,
While the merry pipe we play.

Waft, ſweet Echo, to her ears
  Thoſe ſtrains that ſoftly move,
To ſpeak Orlando's tender fears,
  And ſound his vows of love;
My fondeſt wiſhes kindly bear
  Unto her gentle breaſt,
And tell the ſleeping fair
  She ſtole my balmy reſt.

Take, O take, thoſe lips away,
  That ſo ſweetly are forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the heat of day,
  Lights that do miſlead the morn.
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.

GLEE. DR. COOKE.

IN the merry month of May,
On a morn by break of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-ſide,
Where, as May was in his pride,
There I ſpied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

Much ado there was, God wot,
For he would love, and ſhe would not:
She ſaid, never man was true;
He ſaid, none was falſe to you:
He ſaid, he had lov'd her long;
She ſaid, love would do no wrong.
Corydon would kiſs her then;
She ſaid, maids muſt kiſs no men,
Till they did for good and all:
Then ſhe made the ſhepherd call
On all the heav'ns to witneſs truth,
That never lov'd a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe
When they will not love abuſe,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kiſſes ſweet concluded;
And Phillida, with garland gay,
Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

A STAMMERING GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

A MAN IN HASTE ENQUIRES FOR GOODY GROANER THE MIDWIFE, AND FINDS TWO STAMMERING PERSONS, WHO PUT HIM IN A PASSION.

SIR, can you tell,
Where Old Goody Groaner the midwife do dwell?
Who—who—who—who—who—ſir?
Where, where, pray ſir, where? pray do, ſir;—
I, I, I, I, I, I, will te-te-te-te-tell you:——
Be quick, ſir, be quick, ſir,
My wife, ſir, is ſick, ſir:—

She, ſhe, ſhe, do li-li-li-li-live—
Zounds—zounds, you'd be all day, ſir,—
O-o-o-o-ver the way, ſir;—
Stay, ſtay, ſir; no-no-no-no-no, gone, they ſay, ſir,
I will tell by and bye, ſir,—
He do lye, lye, ſir.——
Poor Jenny is bad, ſir;
Such ſtuttering, ſuch fluttering,
Such ſtammering, ſuch hammering,
'Twill make a man mad, ſir.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

J. C. PRING.

COME, O haſte thee, beauteous Spring,
To deck once more the teeming earth,
Come, O haſte, and with thee bring
Gentle love and ſmiling mirth.
The melting froſts bedew the way
Where'er thy flow'ry footſteps tread,
The morning breezes round thee play,
Perfumes the flutt'ring zephyrs ſpread.
Come, O haſte, &c.

She comes, behold! o'er yonder hill
The riſing verdure marks her way;
Now let the pipe exert its ſkill,
And virgin voices chant the lay.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

SEE, with ivy chaplet bound,
And wreaths of vernal roſes crown'd;

See, Bacchus comes, and brings along
Blooming Mirth and cheerful Song;
But ah! no myrtle there is ſeen,
No laurel ſpreads a laſting green;
Say, does Apollo fly the train,
Or lovely Venus wine diſdain?
Behold the Muſes now appear,
And willing Beauty ſighs ſincere:
Happier far than Gods above—
We fill to Harmony and Love;
Happier far than men below,
Now with ſparkling wine we glow;
Happier ſtill our lot ſhall be,
Bleſt with theſe and Liberty.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

CALCOT.

LOVELY ſeems the Moon's fair luſtre
To the loſt, benighted ſwain,
When all ſilv'ry bright ſhe riſes
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain:
Lovely ſeems the Sun's full glory
To the fainting ſeaman's eyes,
When ſome horrid ſtorm diſperſing
O'er the waves his radiance flies.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

FOR you, ye Fair, who deign to grace our meeting,
We join with cheerful harmony,
We join to hail you greeting;

If by our Songs, by our Catches, or our Glees,
We may obtain our utmoſt wiſh, our wiſh to pleaſe;
Accept our efforts, for we fain would prove,
Our motto and our ſentiment
Is—" HARMONY and LOVE."

NIGHT SCENE IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

TRIO.

DR. HARINGTON.

JULIET.

And wilt thou be gone, ſweet love?
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree.

ROMEO.

It was the lark, ſweet herald of the morn,
No nightingale:—
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.—
Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt,
And jocund day ſtands tiptoe
On the miſty mountain's tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

FAIN wou'd I ſing the warlike feats,
Of chiefs whom valour fir'd;
In vain! my lyre no ſong repeats,
But thoſe by love inſpir'd.

Each ſtring I chang'd, the lyre itſelf,
Fruitleſs my efforts prove;
For ſtill my lyre no ſounds repeats,
But thoſe inſpir'd by love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

THE card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial crew full cry;
What joy from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight—hark away!

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

BARON DILLON.

Ceaſe, ceaſe! your ſlow pathetick mournful glees,
Cheerful and lively ſtrains will ever pleaſe:
Muſick, like wine, ſhould elevate the hearts,
And give that zeſt ſparkling champaign imparts:
Beauty will then with double luſtre ſhine,
And Love triumphant prove it's power divine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

S. WEBBE.

O come, O Bella,
L'ardor de vini,
Piu corallini
Quei labri fa. *D. C.*

Bacco vi ſtilla
Soave umore,
D'un tal ſapore
Che amor non ha. *D. C.*

Bevilo, O Cara.
Quando ha la ſpuma,
Tal ſi coſtuma
Guſtarlo qui. *D. C.*

Coſi gridando
L'ama il Franceſe,
Cheto L'Ingleſe
L'ama coſi. *D. C.*

Ma care luci
Voi non vedete,
Qual altra ſete
Sui labri ſta. *D. C.*

Aita il core
Ch' e tutto fuoco,
E a poco a poco
Mancando va. *D. C.*

Si Bella, Dori
Godiam, che il giorno.
Preſto e al ritorno
Preſto e al partir. *C. D.*

Di giovinezza
Godiamo il fiore,
Poi l'ultim ore
Laſciam venir. *D. C.*

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

SHIELD.

SHAKESPEARE's LOADSTARS.

O happy, happy, happy, happy fair!
Your eyes are loadſtars, and your tongue ſweet air;
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
O happy, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. ARNOLD.

OLD women, old women, will you go a ſhearing?
Speak a little louder, ſir, we're very hard of hearing;
Old women, old women, ſhall I come and kiſs you?
Yes, if you pleaſe, ſir, and may good fortune bleſs you.
Will you go a ſhearing, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. WM. HAYES.

Compoſed for the Annual Meeting of the Wykhamiſts.

LET *omnibus Wiccamicis* in a bumper now go round,
We'll wave our bonnets, boys, unto the ground.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

STEVENS.

FROM OSSIAN.

OH, ſtrike the harp in praiſe of my love, the lonely ſun-beam of Dunſcaith. Strike the harp in praiſe of Bragela. She that I left in the Iſle of Miſt, the ſpouſe of Semo's ſon. Lovely with her flowing hair is the white-boſomed daughter of Sorglan. Strike, &c.

GLEE, SIX VOICES.

WEBBE.

SONNET, FROM THE NICE VALOUR, OR THE PASSIONATE MADMAN, OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ACT III, SCENE 7.

HENCE, all ye vain delights!
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly;
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If man were wiſe to ſee 't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, ſweeteſt melancholy!
Welcome,
Folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's faſten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a ſound.

Fountain heads, and pathleſs groves,
Places which pale paſſion loves:

Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, ſave bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon.
Then ſtretch our bones in a ſtill gloomy valley,
Nothing's ſo dainty ſweet as lovely melancholy.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

STEVENS.

FROM OSSIAN.

SOME of my heroes are low. I hear the ſound of death on the harp! Bid the ſorrows riſe, that their ſpirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills! Bend forward from your clouds; ghoſts of my fathers, bend! Lay by the red terror of your courſe; receive the falling chief, whether he come from a diſtant land or riſe from a rolling ſea! And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may rejoice in his preſence. Bend forward from your clouds; ghoſts of my fathers, bend.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

ANSWER OF THE MARINERS.

TO all you ladies now at land,
We men at ſea indite;
But firſt would have you underſtand,
How hard it is to write;

The Muſes now and Neptune too,
We muſt implore to write to you.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

In juſtice you cannot refuſe
To think of our diſtreſs;
When we for hopes of honour loſe,
Our certain happineſs!
All theſe deſigns are but to prove
Ourſelves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewiſe all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let 's hear of no inconſtancy,
We have enough of that at ſea.
With a fa, la, la, &c.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

FROM OSSIAN.

WHO comes ſo dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's ſhadowy cloud! Death is trembling in his hand; his eyes are flames of fire! Son of the cloudy night, retire. Call thy winds and fly! Retire thou to thy cave. But let us ſit by the moſſy fount, let us hear the mournful voice of the breeze, when it ſighs on the graſs of the cave.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

FROM this roof my ſhepherd went,
  When the lark firſt left his bed;
Whiſp'ring—Be my love content;
  I to diſtant vales muſt tread.

But when ev'ning ſtar appears,
  Thro' the dews I'll ſeek this ſpot;
Let me kiſs away thy tears,
  'Tis with grief I leave this cot.

Thus he ſaid, then ſtrode away,
  O'er yon heathy mountain far;
O! to guide him, leſt he ſtray,
  Riſe! O riſe! thou ev'ning ſtar.

See it beams, and hark his ſong!
  Sweetly to my ear 'tis borne;
Blythe my ſhepherd trips along,
  Faithful to his vows at morn.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

AH! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave;
Go fetch the Indian's borrow'd plume;
Yet richer far than that you bloom:
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than me I fear have part.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

BLOW, warder, blow thy ſounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high;
For the Chriſtians have fought in the holy-land,
And have won the victory.
Loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner wav'd on high:
Let the maſs be ſung!
And the bells be rung!
And the feaſt eat merrily.
The warder look'd from the tow'r on high,
As far as he could ſee:—
I ſee a bold knight, and by his red croſs
He comes from the eaſt country.
Then loud the warder blew his horn,
And call'd till he was hoarſe,
I ſee a bold knight, and on his ſhield bright
He beareth a flaming croſs;
Then down the lord of the caſtle came,
The red-croſs knight to meet;
And when the red-croſs knight he 'ſpied,
Right loving did him greet:
Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-croſs knight,
For thy fame's well-known to me,
And the maſs ſhall be ſung,
And the bells ſhall be rung,
And we'll feaſt right merrily.
Oh! I am come from the holy-land,
Where ſaints did live and die;

Behold the device I bear on my ſhield,
The red-croſs knight am I;
And we have fought in the holy-land,
And we've won the victory;
For with valiant might,
Did the Chriſtians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.
Thou'rt welcome here, dear red-croſs knight,
Come lay thy armour by;
And for the good tidings thou doſt bring
We'll feaſt us merrily.
For all in my caſtle ſhall rejoice,
That we've won the victory:
And the bells &c.

GLEE.

W. LINLEY.

WOULD you the fairy regions ſee,
Hence to the green woods run with me;
From mortals ſafe, the live-long night
There countleſs feats the fays delight,
Where beams the glow-worm's lamp ſo blue.
One gives each flow'r its proper hue,
Whilſt here the buſy huſwife weaves
Ribbands of graſs and mantling leaves;
Some teach young plants with grace to move,
Some lead the woodbine to his love;
Some ſtrew the ſhores with ſhells and ſand,
Whilſt others pilot weeds to land:
By moonlight, theſe their labours free.
Then follow, follow, follow me;
And the chaffer's bugle our guide ſhall be.

MARINER's GLEE.

BOYTON.

DUET AND CHORUS.

TELL me, meſsmates, jovial crew,
  To what you moſt incline;
I to love a miſtreſs true,
  And I to gen'rous wine.

When dangers great your ſhip ſurround,
  Where can you ſolace find?
In love it's always to be found;
  'Tis better found in wine.

My miſtreſs fills my faithful breaſt;
  My bottle dwells in mine,
Its comforts all muſt own are beſt;
  'Tis love!—'tis gen'rous wine!

CHORUS.

With love and wine each willing heart
  Should brave all wind and weather;
Then let the bleſſings they impart
  Be blended well together.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

IMPERIAL Rome, the miſtreſs of the world,
Cæſar and Pompey both to ruin hurl'd;
Its capitol there ſaw her maſter's end,
And lofty ranks exclude the name of friend.
Too oft we quarrel but to ſhew our might,
And, bite him, vixen!—ſets e'en dogs to fight.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

THE haughty wife of Jove, in jealous ſtate,
To madneſs deſtin'd wretched Ino's fate;
Some would have cool'd great Juno's angry blood,
But what d'ye know, ſaid ſhe, of her that's good?
Ev'n Jove was into holes and corners driv'n,
And " you're a dirty raſcal!" rent the heav'n.

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

CALCOT.

HAVE you Sir John Hawkins's hiſt'ry?
Some folks think it quite a myst'ry,
Muſic fill'd his wondrous brain;
How d'ye like it—is it plain?
Both I've read, and muſt agree,
That Burney's hiſt'ry pleaſes me.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

W. LINLEY.

HARK! from yon ruin'd abbey walls,
The owl to midnight paſtime calls;
Now, now we follow Mab our fairy Queen,
To ſing, to dance, and revel on the green!
Ye nimble lightnings run before her car,
And in her train ride ev'ry ſplendid ſtar;
And you, ye ſpheres and everlaſting choirs,
Carol ſweet hymns, and ſweep your living lyres.

GLEE.

W. LINLEY.

NOW the blue-fly's gone to bed,
And the ſhriller cricket ſings;
Soft thro' daiſied wilds we tread,
And on tall reeds wave our wings.

Huſh! our Princeſs is at hand,
In a miſt aloft ſhe flies;
Sprinkling dew o'er ſea and land,
What time the pale ſtar 'gins to riſe.

Behind her floating chariot, ſoon
Along the winding ſhores will creep
The fair and ſilver-ſlipper'd Moon,
And lull the river boys to ſleep;

In ſedgy cradles calm they lie,
Come, take hands then one and all;
And to yon tinkling water-fall
Sing lulla, lulla, lullaby.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

W. LINLEY.

ON the down of a thiſtle I fly,
Whither, whither, O whither?
To great Oberon's court,
Where they ſay there's fine ſport!
So do I, ſo do I, ſo do I,
And I; prithee, Sprite, let's go together.
And now beneath the broad oak's ſhade,
(Whoſe bow'rs the luſcious woodbines braid)

Our acorn cups of dew we quaff,
And ſport, and ſing, and jeſt, and laugh;
And many a zephyr perch'd on high
Pipes to our midnight revelry.
But huſh! I hear ſhrill Chanticleer
Before the barn-door wind his horn;
And now, from yonder field of corn,
The Lark ſalutes the day:
And now, the village clock ſtrikes one;
Swift, the dance muſt ſwift be done,
The lights all quench'd, the muſic ſtill;
And ere the ſun can climb the hill,
We muſt run round the globe,
And chace the night away.
But when the Nightingal repeats
Her melancholy ſtrain,
Perhaps in theſe belov'd retreats
We may rejoice again.

GLEE.

W. LINLEY.

INVOCATION.

YE little troops of Fairies!
That meet by night in dairies,
To ſteal the cream and fright the maids,
And laugh at your vagaries.

Ye pioneering Spirits!
That work i' th' earth like ferrets;
And for the miner turn his wheel,
And pinch him when he merits.

Ye Sylphs! who ſail in ſhow'rs,
To viſit buds and flow'rs;
Or on the ſloping ſun-beams glide,
To cheer your plaintive hours.

Oh! liſt my invocation,
Unfold your bright creation,
And let your legions hover round
To guard me from vexation.

GYPSIES. GLEE, THREE VOICES.

REEVE.

OH! who has ſeen the miller's wife?
I, I, I, and kindled up new ſtrife;
A ſhilling from her palm I took,
Ere on the croſs lines I could look.
Who has the tanner's daughter ſeen?
I, I, I, in queſt of her have been;
But as the tanner was within,
'Twas hard to 'ſcape him in whole ſkin.
From ev'ry place condemn'd to roam,
In ev'ry place we ſeek a home;
Theſe branches form our ſummer roof,
By thick-grown leaves made weather-proof:
In ſhelt'ring nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerly paſs our winter days.
Come! circle round the Gypſies' fire,
Our ſongs, our ſtories never tire;
Come ſtain your cheeks with nut or berry,
You'll find the Gypſies' life is merry.

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

J. DANBY.

THE Nightingale, who tunes
Her warbling notes ſo ſweet,
Midſt flowers ne'er preſumes
To fix her mournful ſeat.

Melodiouſly ſhe ſings,
While hawthorns pierce her breaſt;
Her voice ſweet echo rings,
And Nature lulls to reſt.

GLEE.

W. LINLEY.

ZEPHYR, whither art thou ſtraying,
Tell me where?
With prankiſh girls in gardens playing,
Falſe as fair!
A butterfly's light back beſtriding?
Queen-Bees to honey-ſuckles guiding,
Or on a ſwinging hair-bell riding,
Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble,
High in air;
At noon when Neptune's ſea-nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair;
Now on the tumbling billows rolling,
Now on the ſmooth ſands idly ſtrolling,
Whilſt in cool grottos they lie lolling,
You ſport there.

To chace the moon-beams up the mountains,
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to ſhare;
Now ſeen with love-lorn lillies weeping,
Now with the bluſhing roſe-bud ſleeping,
Whilſt Fays, from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, O rare!

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

THE MOUSE's PETITION.

OH! hear a penſive pris'ner's pray'r,
For liberty that ſighs;
And never let thy heart be ſhut
Againſt a wretch's cries.

If e'er thy breaſt with freedom glow'd,
And ſpurn'd a tyrant's chain;
Let not thy ſtrong oppreſſive force
A free-born mouſe detain.

So may thy hoſpitable board
With health and peace be crown'd,
And ev'ry charm of heartfelt eaſe
Beneath thy roof be found:

So when deſtruction lurks unſeen,
Which men, like mice, may ſhare;
May ſome kind Angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden ſnare.
Oh! hear a penſive &c.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. W. CALCOT.

DULL repining Sons of Care,
  O'er your treaſures waſte the night;
Loſe each moment anxious there,
  Nor taſte the bloom of ſweet delight:
While to Mirth's gay court we fly,
  Revel there and truly live;
Drain the bowl where pleaſures lie,
  And ev'ry hour to rapture give.
Our wand'ring ſteps pale Cynthia guides,
  Leſt from the path we chance to ſtray;
Till we arrive where Love preſides,
  And laughing Bacchus leads the way.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. W. CALCOT.

THYRSIS, when he left me, ſwore
  In the ſpring he would return;
Ah! what means that op'ning flow'r,
  And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the Nightingale that ſung,
'Twas the Lark that upward ſprung:
Idle notes, untimely green,
  Why ſuch unavailing haſte?
Gentle gales and ſky ſerene,
  Prove not always winter paſt.
Ceaſe, my doubts! my fears remove,
Spare the honour of my Love.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. DANBY.

SWEET Thrush! that makes the vernal year
Sweeter than Flora can appear,
As Philomel attends thy lay,
She envies the return of day;

The tuneful lyre, and swelling flute,
At thy rich warbling shall be mute;
Vocal minstrel, thy soft lay
Treasures up and ends the May.

Hark! how the blackbird woos his love
The skill'd musician of the grove;
Hark! on a thorn as perch'd, he sings
A cadence for the best of Kings:

Sublime and soft, gay and serene,
A virginal to hail a Queen;
Nature's music thus improves,
All the Graces and the Loves.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

SWEET Nymph! for thee I twin'd those flow'rs,
Which you so scoff at with disdain:
Let Flora's gifts these May-born hours,
Plead both my passion and my pain.

O come, ye Muses! to my aid,
Breath tender notes, my voice inspire,
For Music may obtain the maid,
And melt her heart to soft desire.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

THE WORDS FROM THE WINTER TALE.

LAWN as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow,
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;

Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden coifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears.

Pins, and ſhining toys of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel;
Come buy of me, come buy,
Lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.

OCCASIONAL ODE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO THE LADIES.

HAIL, Muſic! ſweet enchantment, hail!
Like potent ſpells thy pow'rs prevail;
On wings of rapture borne away,
All nature owns thy univerſal ſway.
For what is beauty, what is grace?
But harmony of form and face:
What are the beauties of the mind?
Heav'n's rareſt gifts by harmony combin'd.

From the fierce paſſions Diſcord ſprings,
Till Nature ſtrikes the ſofter ſtrings;
The ſofter ſtrings the ſoul compoſe,
And love, harmonious love, from paſſion flows.
Affection's flame, and friendſhip's ties,
And all the ſocial pleaſures riſe,
From thee, O Harmony divine!
Love, concord, beauty, ev'ry joy is thine.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

TO you, fair Ladies, now in town,
We countrymen do write;
And do invite you to come down,
To taſte of our delight:
The weather's fine, the fields are gay,
And 'tis the pleaſant month of May.

The country now 's in all its pride,
New dreſt in lovely green;
The earth, with various colours dy'd,
Diſplays a lovely ſcene;
A thouſand pretty flow'rs appear
To deck your boſom and your hair.

The cuckoo 's pick'd up all the dirt,
The trees are all in bloom;
If rural muſic can divert,
Each buſh affords a tune:
The turtle 's heard in ev'ry grove,
And milkmaids ſing their ſong of love.

We'll ſhew you all our cowſlip-meads,
Our pleaſant woods and ſprings;
And lead you to the tuneful ſhades,
Where Philomela ſings;
Sweet Philomel! whoſe warbling throat
Excells your Seneſino's note.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

DR. COOKE.

FRUITFUL earth drinks up the rain,
Trees from earth drink that again;
The ſea too drinks the air,
The ſun drinks the ſea, and him the moon.
Is it reaſon, then, do ye think?
That I ſhould thirſt when all elſe drink.

MADRIGAL, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

LET us live to love and pleaſure,
Careleſs what the grave may ſay;
When each moment is a treaſure,
Why ſhould mortals loſe a day.

Setting ſuns ſhall riſe in glory,
But when little life is o'er,
There's an end of all the ſtory,
We ſhall ſleep to wake no more.
Let us live, &c.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STEVENS.

THE WORDS FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

BLOW, blow, thou Winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! ſing heigh ho! unto the green holly;
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly;
Then, heigh ho, the holly! this life is moſt jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
Thou doſt not bite ſo nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! &c.

FAIRY GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. PERCY.

IN this houſe give glimm'ring light;
By the dead and drowſy fire,
Ev'ry Elf and fairy Sprite
Hop and light, as bird from briar:

And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly;
Trip away—make no ſtay,
Meet me all by break of day.

MADRIGAL, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

GO, zephyr, and whiſper the maid,
  That I ſigh at her cruel delay;
Oh! tell her, the ſong of the ſhade
  Is ſilent when ſhe is away.

'Twas beauty gave life to the vale,
  And fill'd ev'ry ſwain with delight;
'Twas her voice that enliven'd the gale,
  'Twas her ſmile that gave luſtre to night:

But ſince ſhe is fled from our eye,
  The pleaſures are gone with the fair;
The hamlet moves on with a ſigh,
  And the grot ſeems the dome of deſpair.
    Go, zephyr, &c.

DUET.

J. WEBBE.

BID me, when forty winters more
  Have furrow'd up my pallid brow,
When from my head a ſcanty ſtore
  Of lank and wither'd treſſes flow;

When the warm tide, that bold and ſtrong
  Now rolls impetuous and free,
Languid and ſlow ſcarce creeps along—
  Then bid me court ſobriety.

Now let me waſte the frolic May
  In wanton joy and wild exceſs,
In novel ſport and laughter gay,
  And mirth and roſy cheerfulneſs.

Women, the ſource of all delights,
  And wine, the aid of love, be near;
All charms me that to joy invites,
  And ev'ry ſhe that's kind is fair.

DUET. HANDEL.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

THE flocks ſhall leave the mountains,
  The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forſake the fountains,
  Ere I forſake my love.

TRIO. POLYPHEMUS.

Torture, fury, rage, deſpair—
I cannot, no—I cannot bear!

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Not ſhow'rs to larks ſo pleaſing,
  Not ſunſhine to the bee,
Not ſleep to toil ſo eaſing,
  As theſe dear ſmiles to me.

POLYPHEMUS.

Fly ſwift, thou maſſy ruin, fly;
Die, preſumptuous Acis, die!

MADRIGAL, FOUR VOICES.

JACKSON.

HOW happy is the ruſtic boy,
  Who playing keeps his kine!
Pleaſure is all his ſweet employ,
  No cares his thoughts confine;

The flatt'ring breeze, the brawling rill,
  The ruſh of ſudden ſhow'r;
His ear all Nature's concerts fill,
  Her charms beguile each hour.

Contented if his cattle feed
  Together all the day,
A roving glance is all his heed,
  And then again to play;

On turfy bed at eaſe he lies,
  Secure from Phœbus' beam;
Soon lull'd to reſt, he ſhuts his eyes,
  And taſtes a honey dream.

MADRIGAL, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

SEE, from the weſtern mountain's brow,
Compaſs'd with clouds of various glow,
The ſun a broader orb diſplays,
And ſhoots aſlope his ruddy rays;
The lawn aſſumes a freſher green,
The dew-drops ſpangle all the ſcene;
The balmy zephyrs breathe along,
The ſhepherd ſings his tender ſong;

With all their lays the groves reſound,
The falling waters murmur round;
Then ſeize the moment Fate allows,
Nor think on paſt or future woes,
In ſweeteſt paſtime to employ
The preſent ſprightly hour of joy.

As, by the winds of autumn driv'n,
The ſcatter'd clouds fly 'croſs the heav'n;
Thus chequer'd is the life below
With gleams of joy and clouds of woe.

Then hope not while we journey on,
To find a conſtant ſmiling ſun;
Nor fear, though now in ſhades ye mourn,
That ſunſhine never will return.

EPIGRAM, FOUR VOICES.

JACKSON

GO, feeble tyrant! and in vain
  Thy fruitleſs conqueſt boaſt;
The ſlave who once has felt thy chain,
  Enjoys his triumph moſt.

Exert, alas! thy harmleſs hate,
  Thy frowns and cold diſdain,
Since double pleaſure they create
  To think them ſpent in vain.

The Sailor thus, of danger free,
  From the ſecurer ſhore
Looks back with joy, and laughs to ſee
  The ſtorms he felt before.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

The celebrated Sonnet of the poet Camoens, on the Death of his Miſtreſs Donna Corunna D'Alſada.

GO, gentle ſoul, ſupremely bleſt,
From ſcenes of ſtruggling virtue go!
From thy immortal ſeat of reſt,
Behold this world of ling'ring woe!
If, in thy bleſt repoſe above,
Fond Fancy ſtill the paſt ſurveys,
Blame not, ſweet ſaint! my ardent love,
Wont in theſe longing eyes to blaze.

From virtue's ſource if ſorrows riſe,
While tears my hopeleſs fate declare,
Oh! juſtify theſe endleſs ſighs,
And now prefer one gracious pray'r;
Bow to that awful hand divine,
Which made thy ſpan of life ſo brief;
His mercy crave to ſhorten mine,
And grant a ſuff'ring ſoul relief.

SONG AND CHORUS.

DR. BOYCE.

SOFTLY riſe, O ſouthern breeze!
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my ſpicy garden blow,
That ſweets from ev'ry part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye ſouthern breezes gently blow,
That ſweets from ev'ry part may flow.

REQUIEM ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

RECITATIVE.

WHILST o'er her beauteous ſleeping child
The tender mother hung,
With looks of cordial love ſhe ſmil'd,
And thus enraptur'd ſung:

AIR.

Take, ſweet babe, thy envied reſt!
(Faireſt form of ſeraph bleſt)
No diſtreſs thy boſom knows,
Conſcious guilt nor heartfelt woes;
No dread thought of wrath divine:
Oh! what ſleep ſo ſweet as thine!
Guardian Angels from the ſkies,
Whiſper ſoft thy lullabies!

GLEE, FIVE VOICES.

REGINALD SPOFFORTH.

COME, gentle Eve! the friend of eaſe;
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refreſh me with a cooling breeze,
And cheer me with a lambent light;

Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet Nature ſpreads;
Where the green bower, with roſes crown'd,
In ſhow'rs its fragrant foliage ſheds.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

R. COOKE.

NO riches from his ſcanty ſtore,
My lover could impart;
He gave a boon I valued more—
He gave me all his heart.

But now for me, in ſearch of gain,
From ſhore to ſhore he flies;
Why wander riches to obtain,
When love is all I prize?

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. S. SMITH.

FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT."

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition ſhun,
And loves to live i' the ſun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither,
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

EPIGRAM, THREE VOICES.

JACKSON.

WHO talks of late hours, or the fear of a wife,
I vote him a bumper of water;
What a fool, to go home to that torment of life,
To kneel, kiſs, beg pardon, and flatter!

Who talks of a bed, when the ſparkling champaigne
Can his time ſo much better employ?
Sleep was only contriv'd for ſome girl-bitten ſwain,
And for wretches who cannot enjoy.

Then round with the bottle, nor let us be grave
Nor for dull inſipidities pine:
A wife and a nap, we at all times can have;
But alas! 'tis not ſo with good wine.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

STORACE.

FROM THE IRON CHEST.

FIVE times by the taper's light,
The hour-glaſs I have turn'd to night;
Where's father? he's gone out to roam;
If he have luck,
He'll bring a buck
Upon his luſty ſhoulders home.
Home, home, he comes not home;
Hark! from the woodland's vale below,
The diſtant clock ſounds dull and ſlow—bome.

GLEE, THREE VOICES.

J. PERCY.

SHAKESPEARE's DESCRIPTION OF WINTER.

WHEN iſicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the ſhepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways are foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl—
  Tu whit, tu whoo! a merry note,
  While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
  And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw;
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
  And Marian's noſe looks red and raw;
When roaſting crabs hiſs in the bowl,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl—
  Tu whit, &c.

LAUGHING CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

I Cannot ſing this catch, I ſhall laugh,
  O Lord, I ſhall laugh, ha! ha! ha!
For ſhame, you ſilly calf,
  Don't ye laugh, ha! ha! ha!
You will not ſing it half,
  But make us all to laugh, ha! ha! ha!
Look at his face, ha! ha! ha!
  When he ſings the baſs, ha! ha! ha!

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE ASSIGNATION.

COME, where ſhall we walk, Ma'am,
To have a little talk, Ma'am,
This very fine weather?
I would, if I dare, ſir,
But we muſt be aware, ſir,
My huſband's juſt coming hither:
Oh! ho! is it ſo,
The devil take ye both together.

YAWNING CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

'TIS hum-drum, 'tis mum,
What nobody ſpeak?
Here's one looks very wiſe,
And another rubs his eyes;
Then ſtretches, yawns, and cries,
Heigh!—ho!—hum!

CATCH, THREE VOICES.

DR. HARINGTON.

THE QUAKER's WEDDING.

SISTER! ſiſter! oh ſay, doſt thou affection me,
Doſt thou faithfully?
Yea, yea, verily; I do verily,
I do moſt mightily.
Come, take her to thy boſom, Man,
Leſt the maiden die.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. DANBY.

QUEEN of joy and dimpled pleaſure,
Thou whoſe looks delightful charm;
Leader of each ſprightly meaſure,
Raiſing mirth's emotions warm.

Around thy form the friſking Sports
In antic geſture wildly move;
Within thy loud rebounding courts,
The noiſy ſons of revel rove.

LAUGHING SONG AND CHORUS.

HANDEL.

FROM L'ALLEGRO IL PENSEROSO.

HASTE thee, Nymph! and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity;
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek:
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.

CHORUS.

Haſte thee, Nymph! and bring with thee,
Jeſt and youthful Jollity;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. DANBY.

APOLLO! high our ſouls inſpire
With Orphean melody and fire;
In ſoft, harmonious, ſoothing ſtrains
Aſſuage the lover's tort'ring pains.
Infuſe, great god, a fav'rite ſon,
With ſounds Calliope was won;
Then may we offer at thy ſhrine
Another Orpheus, ſtill divine;
Whoſe charming tones ſhall muſic raiſe
Far above all earthly praiſe.

GLEE, FOUR VOICES.

J. DANBY.

AS onward we jog thro' the mazes of life,
Now elated with hope, now depreſſed with fears;
'Tis the balm of the bottle that ſoftens the ſtrife,
And even proſperity's bleſſing endears.

In the bright ſparkling ſtream is the magic combin'd,
Which can ſorrow and care from the boſom diſplace;
Make the ſunſhine of gaiety float on the mind,
And the ſmile of contentment to beam o'er the face.

Come then, jolly god, with thy goblets well ſtor'd,
And while their ſoft powers my ſenſes poſſeſs,
Let the bower of Freedom a ſhelter afford,
And Friendſhip make ſacred the bliſsful receſs.

Each wiſh then complete, in poſſeſſion of theſe,
I never for riches or fame will contend,
Nor e'en, partial Fortune, arraign thy decree,
If you leave unmoleſted my bottle and friend.